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MAY RILEY SMITH.

WAIFS,

AND THEIR AUTHORS,

BY

A. A. HOPKINS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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PREFACE.

NOT all the singers sit on library shelves, in dainty costume of blue and gold, and sing to select audiences. Some, who sing most sweetly, occupy the "Poet's Corner" of the newspaper, and find listeners in homes where stately singers seldom come. They have their mission. They sing of faith and hope and love, so simply, so tenderly, so sympathetically, that the heart of the people is touched. They strengthen the popular faith; they give new hope to the desponding; they move us all to broader good-will and a nobler charity. Known or unknown, they make friends.

It is these whom I denominate Newspaper Poets. When I began writing of them, I realized, so numerous is the class, that there must be certain limitations; hence I determined to treat only of such as had produced *one* poem, at least, which had been extensively copied by the press. Then I decided to include none but living writers; and my next determination was to include no Waif whose author had gathered his or her poems in a volume. These limitations appeared desirable, even necessary—I have held rigidly by them. "Kate Cameron" has passed away, since I first wrote of her; and Benj. F. Taylor has lately put forth a collec-

tion of "Old-Time Pictures," in his inimitable verse, to the great delight of thousands; but both came within the bounds I had set, when treated of, and I have not chosen to exclude either now.

The chapters which follow were originally contributed to *The American Rural Home*. Each has been carefully revised; two or three have been almost entirely re-written; and much interesting matter, biographical and poetical, has been added to them all. I have not aimed in any case to be critical, nor have I sought to analyze the various authors treated of. My one purpose has been, in every instance, to tell a Waif's story—when it had any to tell; to make its authorship definitely known; to narrate what might be of general interest touching its author; and to show, by other selections from his or her pen, what are that author's tendencies of thought and peculiarities of style.

The book has cost me not a little of painstaking. I was led to attempt it because I happened to know the authorship of a few Waifs whose authorship was generally unknown; because I happened also to know the authors, and could speak of them intelligently; and because I thought many people would be glad to read somewhat concerning them. To trace out the parentage of other waifs, in regard to which I had no information whatever, was not easy; and having succeeded in doing this, I have found it very difficult to obtain such other facts as I desired. A few of these chapters may testify of my patience

I should have taken pleasure in making this volume far more elaborate in print and dress, and would gladly have added a portrait of each author; but the poems it presents are for the popular

heart, they deserve popular perusal, they will uplift and make glad wherever they go, and they shall not be debarred from going into any home, in their present form, because of high price.

Of course the Waifs are not all here. If this volume shall find sufficient encouragement, another and similar one may be forthcoming in due time.

A. A. H.

The Rural Home Sanctum,

In Dedication.

THERE are sweet-singing birds of song
That sing in easy range of all,
And thro' the tumult of the throng,
Their tender grace of tone let fall

Their notes are set in finest tune
With hope and sorrow, faith and care;
They breathe a breath of balmy June
On bleak December's chilly air.

Beside the weary way they sing
Till longing souls their pain forget,
And dream of rest where blossoms spring,
Beyond the deserts of regret.

Perchance when silence steals along,
The singers, list'ning, wait to hear
Some echo of their own sweet song
Float upward to them sweet and clear.

And so from silence tuneful grown,
The while they silent, list'ning wait,
To these I echo back their own,
To these their own I dedicate.

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MAY RILEY SMITH.

FEW waifs have found more frequent editorial adoption and house-room than one generally bearing the title "If We Knew." Every newspaper in the land, almost, has given it a place from year to year, since it strayed from home. Careless scissors early clipped away all hint of authorship, and careless compositors have so marred the waif itself that often it seems in disguise. On one occasion, indeed, it has been awkwardly transformed, and, with a new name attached, has gone abroad with a new claimant for its parentage. Perhaps it is going so, still. It originally appeared in the *Rochester Union & Advertiser* of February 23, 1867, with its author's identity thinly veiled under the initials "M. L. R.," and the date of "Brighton." We give it as then put forth:

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
  Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
  Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
  Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers,
  How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
  Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
  As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
  For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
  Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
  Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
  Never seem one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
  Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
  None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
  As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
  With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
  Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of *to-day;*
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Before Mrs. Albert Smith, now of Chicago, Illinois, was married to the man of her choice in the Brick Church of Rochester, N. Y.—which was about seven years ago—she lived in Brighton, a suburb of that city, and wrote herself May Louise Riley. She was born on the 29th of May, 1842, in that same Brighton, in a pretty white cottage surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and flowers, its very atmosphere suggestive of things poetical. "Was n't it long," she wrote once to a friend, "to live in the old house twenty-seven years? to call it home all that time?" Of course she was away somewhat—at Brockport Collegiate Institute two years; another year she devoted herself to painting; another year she spent at the West. "But all that time," she wrote, "I came and went from the old home. Saw father die there, and a sister, and seven years ago brother Charlie followed them, and came no more back forever."

Of a warm, impulsive nature, her love for her birthplace, and for the old associations clinging about it, glows in the very tone of her words. It is an element akin to this which makes her poems so popular—their *home*liness,

we might almost say. They are never cold, icy bits of intellectuality, which you can admire but do not feel ; they come welling up warmly from her heart, and sink tremulously into yours. The chords she strikes are responsive chords. She touches the key-note of all that is best in human nature—sympathy—and it vibrates everywhere. To those who know Mrs. Smith, it is no wonder that she writes as she does. There is nothing somber in her blue eyes, nor in her light-brown hair or sunshiny face. She believes in the bright side ; she sings as she believes. In conversation and in correspondence her nature is manifest, and she wins friends wherever she goes.

"If We Knew" was one of Mrs. Smith's earliest poems. It has not quite the finish of some later efforts, but has in a large degree her individuality. It is one of those simple, unpretending things, far easier in the seeming than in the doing, unless one be born thereto, which will continue to live. Having been set to music, under title of "Scatter-seeds of kindness," the last three stanzas appear often in school song-books, and are often sung. Gerrit Smith had an especial liking for them, and at his burial they were sung by a choir of children from the orphan asylum he endowed and maintained.

Mrs. Smith has fine literary taste, and writes gracefully and excellently in prose. She has contributed sketches, as well as poems, to various newspapers and other periodicals, and some of them have been widely copied. The Troy *Whig*, *The Union and Advertiser* and

The Rural Home, of Rochester, and one or two of the New York story papers, have published many contributions from her pen. She writes easily and rapidly, with a felicitous choice of words; and in general her versification is very melodious, very perfect.

We have alluded to her sympathy. One can hardly find real poetic sentiment allied to more tender sympathy than is contained in this poem :

"*IF.*"

If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say—
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals, wrought of light in better lands,

And that the foot-prints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 't was God's way,
And wait to meet him o'er death's silent sea.

But O! to know the feet, once pure and white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate, to-night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

Some mother has wept over it, we are certain—some one whose motherhood brings her more of sorrowing than of joy. Mayhap, too, some wayward Benny, feeling his mother's heart throb in every line, has come back to purer paths for her sake. Who knows? This poem has also strayed widely as a waif. There are few more realistic bits of verse, and it stands in pathetic witness against a theory held by many good people, that genuine pathos can come only from actual experience—that poets must "learn in sorrow what they teach in song." When Mrs. Smith wrote "If," she knew not the joys of motherhood, in her own person, and some will ask, "How, then, could she be so touched by its possible pain? Is poetic senti-

"A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair." *Page* 7.

ment all a fiction?" No, the sentiment is real always, when it is true, and it makes impress only in proportion to its truth; but the reality may be of fancy alone, or, if you please, of sympathetic imagination. That which you read with a heart-throb, was written with a heart-throb. There is a fiction of sentiment so real, momentarily, to the poet, that others may be excused for believing it real always. In further evidence of this, we have the following, written for *The Aldine*, and thence widely re-printed:

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You almost are too tired to pray, to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and so slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again:
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Did we not know how strong the mother instinct is in every woman's breast, and did we not realize how sympathy can move upon sentiment and bend it at its will, there would be no accounting for some of Mrs. Smith's poems, written before she came to woman's regal crown. We have given two of her mother-thoughts in rhyme, and for the sake of some who daily feel what motherhood's loss can be—who are weary with listening for the little feet that nevermore may come, we add this:

WAITING.

When the crickets chirp in the evening,
And the stars flash out in the sky,
I sit in my lonely doorway
And watch the children go by.
I look at their fresh young faces,
And hark to each merry word,
For to me, a child's own language
Is the sweetest e'er was heard.

And so I sit in my doorway
In the hour that I love best,
And think, as I see them passing,
My child will come with the rest;
Think, when I hear the clicking
Of the little garden gate,
My darling's hand is upon it—
O, why has she come so late?

But the days have been slowly weaving
Their warp of toil in my life;
The weeks have rolled on me their burden
Of waiting, and patience, and strife;
The flowers that came with the summer
Have finished their errand so sweet,
And autumn is dropping her harvest,
Mellow and ripe, at my feet.

And yet my little girl comes not,
And I think she has missed her way,
And strayed from this cold, dark country
To one of perpetual day.
I think that the angels have found her,
And, loving her better than we,

Have begged the Good Father to keep her,
Right on, through eternity.

Perhaps. But I long to enfold her,
To tangle my hand in her hair,
To feast my starved mouth on her kisses,
To hear her light foot on the stair.
I am but a poor, selfish mother,
And mother-hearts starve though they know
Their children are drinking the nectar
From lilies in heaven that blow.

Some day I am sure I shall find her,
But the road is so lonesome between,
My spirit grows sick and impatient
For a glimpse of the pastures so green;
Till then I shall sit in the doorway,
In the hour that my heart loves best,
And think, when the children pass homeward,
My child will come with the rest.

The same impulse which prompts Mrs. Smith to pen these tender memories of motherhood, breathes out in tender, reverential love for the mother whose child she is. On that mother's seventy-third birth-day she penned this feeling tribute, which was published in *The Rural Home:*

TO MY MOTHER.

The sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining, silver hair;
With eyes whose language is fidelity,—
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?

Ten little heads have found their sweetest sleep
Upon the pillow of her loving breast.

The world is wide: yet nowhere does it keep
So safe a haven,—so complete a rest.

Her hands are neither beautiful nor fair,
Yet seemed they lovely in her children's eyes,
We found our daily strength and comfort there,
And if her hands were rough,—we were not wise

'T is counted something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will;
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still.

O mother! in the changeful years now flown,
Since as a child I leant upon your knee,
Life has not brought to me, nor fortune shown,
Such tender love! such yearning sympathy!

Let fortune smile or frown,—whiche'er she will
It matters not. I scorn her fickle ways!
I never shall be *quite* bereft, until
I lose my mother's honest blame and praise!

Touchingly sympathetic, though of another order of sympathy from either poem quoted, is this, entitled

IN PRISON.

God pity the wretched prisoners,
In their lonely cells to-day!
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
God pity them! still I say.

Only a strip of sunshine,
Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure,
Only a cluster of stars;

Only a barren future,
To starve their hope upon ;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that's better gone.

Only scorn from women,
Only hate from men,
Only remorse to whisper
Of a life that might have been.

Once they were little children,
And perhaps their unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Toward the golden street ;
Therefore, if in life's forest
They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
God pity them ! still I say.

O, mothers gone to heaven !
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task !
For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Would wipe them from your eyes !

And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own ?
Are you sure the sad-faced angel
Who writes our errors down
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown ?

Or, if a steadier purpose
Unto your life is given ;
A stronger will to conquer,
A smoother path to heaven ;
If, when temptations meet you,
You crush them with a smile ;
If you can chain pale passion
And keep your lips from guile ;

Then bless the hand that crowned you
Remembering, as you go,
'T was not your own endeavor
That shaped your nature so ;
And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen
God loves the best of all !

And pray for the wretched prisoners
All over the land to-day,
That a holy hand in pity
May wipe their guilt away.

These verses appeared first in the Rochester *Union & Advertiser*, in February, 1867. A few months since they were sent to the Chicago *Tribune*, as the production of an inmate of the penitentiary at Joliet, and were published with a paragraph recognizing their deep feeling, and speaking of the fictitious convict-poet as worthy a better fate. The *Tribune's* indignation on learning how it had been deceived, was forcibly expressed, and its sober second thought as to the convict's worthiness, did not flatter him.

Mrs. Smith's faith in God is well-nigh unquestioning. She rarely doubts that whatever He does is right. Out of her faith, her full, implicit trust in divine wisdom, this song of comfort grew :

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.'

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
  Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
  Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
  And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
  And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
  God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
  Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
  Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
  I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

Mrs. Helen Hunt ("H. H.") has been credited with this, but unjustly. In response to our query of verification, Mrs. Smith said: "Yes, I wrote 'Sometime' on the cars one day, journeying along from Chicago to Springfield. It was suggested by the conversation of a lady and gentleman occupying seats in front of me. She held in her hand the portrait of a lovely child, and sometimes kissed it, and as she talked of the little one her tears fell like rain. I grew sober and sad, and drew my pencil from my pocket and wrote out my thoughts on a piece of crumpled paper."

Very different from the foregoing, yet not less illus-

trative of Mrs. Smith's hope and faith, is this prophetic vision of a day to come :

HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

When I shall go where my Redeemer is,
In the far city on the other side,
And at the threshold of His palaces
Shall loose my sandals, ever to abide;
I know my Heavenly King will smiling wait
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

O joy ! O bliss ! for I shall see His face,
And wear His blessed name upon my brow !
The name that stands for pardon, love, and grace
That name before which every knee shall bow.
No music half so sweet can ever be
As that dear name which He shall write for me !

Crowned with this royal signet, I shall walk
With lifted forehead through the eternal street ;
And with a holier mien, and gentler talk,
Will tell my story to the friends I meet—
Of how the King did stoop His name to write
Upon my brow, in characters of light !

Then, till I go to meet my Father's smile,
I 'll keep my forehead smooth from passion's scars,
From angry frowns that trample and defile,
And every sin that desecrates or mars ;
That I may lift a face unflushed with shame,
Whereon my Lord may write His holy name.

There are some who believe that nothing is truly poetical in which the heart shows chiefly. We do not

estimate poets by this rule. It would rob Burns, and Byron, and Moore, and Hood of half or all their laurels. Poetry begotten of passion is ever debasing; poetry born of real heartfulness ennobles always and uplifts. May Riley Smith, then, is a truer poet than is Swinburne, because truer to the purest instincts of the soul; and Longfellow and Bryant are not truer than she, unless they have made deeper impress on the heart of humanity.

LEWIS J. BATES.

IN the pleasant city of Detroit, Mich., there lives one whose songs have been sung as widely as those of any other Newspaper Poet in the country. Sung literally—sung by singers in homes without number—for many of them have been wedded to music, and are favorites wherever tender and pure poetic sentiment is regarded, as it should always be, as essential in a ballad as pleasing melody. One of these oft-sung songs is the waif of this chapter. It has been going the rounds for about fifteen years; and probably not one in a hundred of those editors who annually give it out as "copy," know it was written by a brother editor, or even know the writer's name.

UNDER THE ICE.

Under the ice the waters run;
  Under the ice our spirits lie;
The genial glow of the summer sun
  Shall loosen their fetters by-and-by.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
  River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mold,
  And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice—under the snow,
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;
By-and-by will the south wind blow,
And roses bloom on the banks of spring.
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,
River of life—river of love!
The nights grow short—the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;
Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrong we did—
Never the motive that lay below.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love!
The winter of life is growing old,
The frost is leaving the melting mold,
And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice we hide our wrong—
Under the ice that has chilled us through!
O, that the friends who have known us long
Dare to doubt we are good and true!
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love!
The winter is growing worn and old,
The roses stir in the melting mold;
We shall be known above!

It is such a poem as nearly every one will read; and every one who reads it will like it, though all might not be able to tell why. In a manner just vague and general enough to cover all individualities, it expresses the uni-

versal longing for fuller recognition, for a more sunny atmosphere, a more generous judgment. Each soul feels in some way shut in from that free and glad development which seems possible, and each catches in the poet's utterance some echo of its own unanswered speech. It is at once a complaint and a rejoicing—a complaint over that which is and ought not to be; a rejoicing over that which is not but is sure to come. And in this it is strikingly characteristic of its author. He has written much, and there is great diversity manifest in his choice of themes, and in his lines of thought, but he oftenest recognizes the woe of to-day, and the want of to-day, and sings sweetest and longest of the betterment to-morrow will bring. Lewis J. Bates is peculiarly the poet of Hope. That sweet gospel of good in the future, his muse is continually preaching. Blessed are they who hear, if so be they are discouraged and doubting, and are led up to a stronger faith!

Mr. Bates was born on the 21st of September, 1832, in the Catskill Mountain House, though he laughingly asserts that he never killed a cat in his life. His father was proprietor of the hotel, and if he possessed any poetical tendencies they must have manifested themselves in his choice of a location for hotel-keeping. *His* father—the grandfather of our poet—was Judge Bates, of Canandaigua, a local politician of some note, a fact which may account for Mr. Bates' political affinities, if there be anything in the doctrine of "natural selection," or hereditary

talent. The "maternal grandfather" was one of the quite celebrated Tappan family, of five brothers, of whom Arthur and Lewis—prominent in the anti-slavery movement—were most widely known.

When Lewis was two years old his parents removed from the wild grandness of the Catskills to the dull level of Hopewell, Ontario county, New York, where they lived six years, and where they saw both prosperity and adversity. His father went into the milling business there, succeeded handsomely, and became owner of three flouring mills. Then two of these were destroyed by fire within a fortnight, and Mr. Bates was a poor man. From Hopewell the family removed to Portland, Ionia county, Michigan, and settled on a farm in what was then an almost unbroken wilderness. The father died in a few months, and the mother was left a widow with seven children, on a farm but partially cleared, in a new settlement, with no near relative in the State except the family of her husband's brother, left in the same sad situation by that brother's death a year earlier.

There were no schools about, save one in a little log hut, a mile and a-half distant, through the woods. That Lewis attended two or three winters, and afterward went to one somewhat better, in the hamlet of Portland. Thus his early educational advantages were meager enough. The whole family "roughed it" for several years, and enjoyed few of the comforts of life.

On attaining his twelfth year Lewis went with his

grandfather to Akron, Ohio, riding much of the distance in the saddle, and as they went in the spring when the rivers were high and the swamps full, and as bridges were few and miles of "corduroy" road numerous, the journey was one to be remembered. At Akron he remained about eighteen months, as errand boy in the counting-house of Rattle & Tappan, studied algebra at odd hours, and attended an academy one term of eleven weeks. And this summed up his "schooling," with the exception of ten weeks more at an academy in Geneva.

He entered a printing office, then, however—a practical school which has graduated many of our best scholars,—and there acquired more than many academic terms could have taught him. Having entered the *Courier* office, in Geneva, New York, as an apprentice, he soon got an inkling of the printer's art, and formed a liking for it which invariably lasts. But he was not destined to stick quietly at the case. Out one night with some older typos, "cooning,"—which generally means stealing fruit,—he caught the small pox by landing under the window of a room in the hotel where a man lay ill of it, and came near dying. Meantime his mother had re-married, and when he was well again he returned to frontier life in Michigan, learned brick-making, then surveying, and at last drifted once more into a printing office.

This was in 1848, and the office was that of *The Eagle,* in Grand Rapids—a sheet which was issued weekly

whenever its proprietors could raise money enough to buy paper. When they could not it suspended, we have been told, and they "passed around the hat." It is now a flourishing and well-to-do daily. In this office Mr. Bates first began to write for the press, and within the next decade he wrote many poems for *The Eagle* which were widely copied, and it is safe to say that the name of that paper—for editors *would* sometimes credit—went further on the wings of his rhyme than it ever did otherwise.

But a restless disposition forbade permanency, and a year from the time he entered *The Eagle* office he was a sailor on Lake Michigan, engaged with another young man in running a coaster; and in a year or two of such life he had some wild experiences. Two years subsequently he was in New York City, sticking type in the establishment of John A. Gray & Co., and thence, in about a year, he went into the publishing office of the Anti-Slavery Society, under the auspices of Lewis Tappan, and there came in contact with many who were then and afterward celebrated. While there he became a regular poetical contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, at that time under the management of Mr. Clark, and the bright light in our periodical literature.

In 1853 he returned to Michigan and *The Eagle;* but soon changed to *The Enquirer*, on which he took his first regular editorial position as "Local." Subsequently he served for a time in the same capacity on the Madison,

Wisconsin, *Journal*, and other papers in that State and Michigan, varying his labors by work at the case and at the press. Through a large part of 1859 he worked a large hand press four days and two nights each week, regardless of his health, and a few months later, after exposure in the lumber forests, was prostrated with fever, and reached town and attendance more dead than alive, after twelve days of suffering. Previously in splendid physical condition, and skilled in athletic arts—an expert swordsman, and a good wrestler and runner—he has never since been strong—never since known really good health.

His first step on recovering from this illness, was to re-enter *The Eagle* office, now as political editor; his next, to marry. He remained with *The Eagle* all through the war, and during that time wrote many of his best lyrics, several of which were seized upon by composers and sent out again in sheet-music form, as "Under the Ice" had been, written several years before.

One of the finest of these lyrics written in war-time, though hardly to be classed as a war lyric, is the following, entitled

BY-AND-BY.

Under the snow are the roses of June,
Cold in our bosoms the hopes of our youth;
Gone are the wild birds that warbled in tune,
Mute are the lips that have pledged us their truth.
Wind of the winter night, lonely as I,
Wait we the dawn of the bright by-and-by.

Roses shall bloom again,
Sweet love will come again :
It will be summer time, by and-by.

Patience and toil are the meed of to-day—
Toil without recompense, patience in vain ;
Darkness and terror lie thick on our way,
Our footsteps keep time with the angel of pain.
Wind of the winter night, far in the sky,
Watch for the day-star of dear by-and-by.
Parched lips shall quaff again,
Sad souls shall laugh again ;
Earth will be happier, by-and-by.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow ;
But by-and-by will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
Wail of the winter wind, echo our cry,
Pray for the dawn of the sweet by-and-by,
When hope shall spring again ;
When joy shall sing again ;
Truth will be verified, by-and-by.

Weary and heartsick we totter along,
Feeble the back, though the burden is large ;
Broken the purpose, and hushed is the song :
Why should we linger on life's little marge ?
Wind of the winter night, hush ! and reply :
Is there, oh ! is there a glad by and-by ?
Will dark grow bright again,
Burdens grow light again,
And faith be justified, by-and by ?

Dreary and dark is the midnight of war,
Distant and dreamy the triumph of right ;

"Roses shall bloom again,
Sweet, love will come again:
It will be summer-time, by and by."

Page 26.

Homes that are desolate, hearts that are sore,
Soon shall the morning star gladden our sight.
Wail of the winter wind, so like a sigh,
Herald the dawn of the blest by-and-by.
Freedom shall reign again,
Peace banish pain again;
Right will be glorified, by-and-by.

Three or four composers married this to melody, and it was published in various parts of the country, under as many different titles. One edition, with music by the author of this sketch, was and is issued by Mr. Joseph P. Shaw, Music Publisher, Rochester, N. Y., and is known by many as "Roses will Bloom Again."

For the last nine or ten years Mr. Bates has been upon the staff of *The Post*, Detroit, as political editor. Though the surroundings of such a position are by no means conducive to poetic sentiment, his keeps as fresh and pure as ever, and though he writes less, perhaps, than he used to, that which he writes has the same sweetness as had earlier efforts. He yearly writes the Carrier's Address for *The Post*, and the Job Department of that large printing concern decks it out in all the graces of "the art preservative," and the poem is annually worthy of its dress. The Address proper is usually supplemented by a brief lyric, on the cover's last page, and that of one year we copy:

RIGHT CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

Sore hearts, from passion too intense,
And sinews stiff with pain,

Whose faith in speedy recompense
Has proved once more in vain,
Though Wrong may sway the world to-day,
You hold the hand of Fate:
Your good seed grows beneath the snows:
Right can afford to wait.

Unwise alike are cold despair
And hot and angry fire;
His patience answers eager prayer,
His calmness quick desire;
His harvest grows beneath the snows,
And ripens soon or late:
Tho' Wrong may sway the world to-day,
Right can afford to wait.

Still brightly burning in the skies,
The stars of Freedom shine;
There is no zenith for their rise,
Nor nadir of decline.
Lo! in our past how sure and fast
Has Progress built her state!
Wrong's ancient sway is weak to-day:
Right can afford to wait,

Then let none harbor groundless fear
Our hope shall pass away:
Up! all who wait the Promised Year,
And make that year to-day!
The strong hand still and earnest will
May storm the throne of Fate!
Right waits for man to build her plan:
God has no need to wait.

Mr. Bates is a perfect master of versification. Look-

ing through his portfolio, as it has been our privilege and pleasure to do in years past, one is surprised at the manifold forms of verse in which he has molded his thought. The poems we have given show how accurate is his versifying in the soberer styles. He is hardly less happy in a rollicking stanza, as in this from "This Jolly Round World":

O! Old Father Time grows tender and mellow,
As, roving the round earth, the sturdy old fellow,
Year in and year out, keeps going and coming,
In winter's wild wrack and in summer's green blooming;
And he very well knows
That wherever he goes—
('T is as plain to be seen as his frosty old nose)—
In each new-broken fetter
He reads, like a letter,
That this jolly round world grows better and better—
This jolly round world grows better and better.

Also this, the opening stanza of a song entitled "The Master's Gold Year":

Some millions of ages ago, you know,
When Time was a jaunty young beau, you know,
By command of the crown,
He was told to write down,
In an almanac needed to show, you know,
A statement complete,
Unspotted and neat,
Of the years yet to be in our new world below.

His verse fairly sings of itself, and seems almost an inspiration to any composer.

In the poems we have quoted there is little of the imaginative element, yet Mr. Bates is not without this, as some of his longer pieces, which we have not space for, well attest. He would succeed finely in an extended descriptive effort, if he would but make the attempt. But his muse in her short flights is mainly sentimental and semi-philosophic. A little song entitled "Good Luck" betrays the latter quality. We quote the opening stanza, and the chorus:

O, once in each man's life, at least,
Good luck knocks at his door;
And wit to seize the flitting guest
Need never hunger more.
But while the loitering idler waits
Good luck beside his fire,
The bold heart storms at fortune's gates,
And conquers its desire.

For here 's the secret that doth lurk
In every grand life's plan:
His work, it was a man's work;
He did it like a man.

Blessed are they who can sing songs in the night! For nights do come, to us all; and those who sing instead of sighing when shadows wait, shall earlier see the morning. For such as have no melody in their hearts, this bit of cheer was breathed:

SOME SWEET DAY.

I.

In every life some rain must beat;
In every life some sunshine is;
Some early find their share of sweet;
Some, longing, wait their bliss.
Then, sweet, forget our wasted years,
And mourn no more our vanished May;
Be patient till our joy appears,
Our turn will come some day.
Some day all our birds shall sing,
Some day all our joy-bells ring,
Some day bloom our promised spring,
Some day—some sweet day.

II.

Oh, vain are sighs for sorrows past,
And vain are fears for future ill,
While plighted troth holds sure and fast,
And love is faithful still.
Then envy not the happy hearts
Whose crowns of bliss do not delay;
The joy late coming late departs,
And ours will longer stay.
Some day all our grain shall grow,
Some day all our roses blow,
Some day, sweet, our souls shall glow;
Some day—some sweet day.

III.

The flower of summer's sun and rain
Is sure to droop in summer's glow;
The year's best gift of golden grain
Lies green beneath the snow.

Then doubt no more our lives shall bloom,
For sorrow cannot always stay;
And for the happy time to come
'T will be our turn some day.
Some day Love shall claim his own,
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.

Half sad in its tender soberness, as much of Mr. Bates' verse seems to be, his is by no means a sad nature. He is brimming over with humor, and oftentimes keenly witty. The comic side of life strikes him with all its comicality. Those who remember his poem on "December," published in all the papers a matter of fifteen years ago—a poem whose humor was broad in the extreme—would hardly believe the same hand penned "Under the Ice," unless they realized how near the surface of laughter flows ever an undertone of tears. Many of his pointed witticisms sparkle forth brilliantly in *The Post*, and he wastes a wealth of *bon mots* in every-day conversation. All poets may not be possessed of warm geniality, but those of our acquaintance offer no exception to what we would fain believe a general rule; and, in the main, those whose productions seem saddest, in the tenderest minor key, are those whose geniality is most warm and contagious, who appear overflowing with happy fancies and real light-heartedness.

In person Mr. Bates is somewhat slight, of about medium height, with bright, laughing eyes looking out

from under a broad forehead, nearly naked of "thatch." He is of an intensely active, nervous organization, as might be inferred from the sketch of his life, and has crowded more varied experience and hard work into forty years than many men can boast of. He writes rapidly—has written much in the way of sketches and stories, as well as poetry; and his prose has a pithy directness well fitted for journalistic effect. He has conquered success as a political writer; but it is as the poet that we like best to regard him, and especially as the poet of Hope. And as such we cannot more fitly take leave of him than by quoting this hopeful poem:

OUR BETTER DAY.

Still sore with struggle, faint and worn,
We wait the better day,
The breath of whose celestial morn
Shall charm our pain away;
Our night seems long, and dark with wrong,
And evil life's whole sum;
But God's time is our promised time,
And that is sure to come.

O! soul that struggles and that cries,
Sore tempted to despair,
And reads no answer in the skies
To labor or to prayer:
Though night is old, and dark, and cold,
And doubting lips are dumb,
Yet God's day is your triumph day,
And that is sure to come.

O! day long looked for, oft foretold,
Best theme of prayer and song,
When Truth and Right shall judgment hold,
In triumph over Wrong!
Young lives wear out 'twixt hope and doubt,
Young hearts grow cold and numb;
But God's day is our promised day,
And that is sure to come.

How many times, 'mid icy chills,
We 've dreamed of summer blooms,
And woke to snow on wintry hills,
And frost on early tombs;
Our birds of song are silent long,
The leafless groves are dumb;
But God's time is our summer time,
And that is sure to come.

We waited—not with folded hands—
To gather fortune's grain;
With patient toil we plowed our lands,
And scattered seed like rain;
The year goes wrong, and tares grow strong,
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest time,
And that is sure to come.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

LECTURE audiences, in many sections of the Middle and Western States, know well a form of medium height, rather heavier than the average, surmounted by a large head set squarely on broad shoulders, the head lightly covered with iron-gray hair, thrown back from a forehead massive and intellectual, and crowning a face somewhat florid, smoothly-shaven, happy in its smile when the smile comes, strongly pronounced in its character, and the tell-tale of perhaps fifty years since a mother first looked into it and knew her first-born. Lecture audiences have often seen this form walking half-timidly forward to the speaker's desk,—half-timidly, as though afraid to meet the gaze of hundreds; half-hurriedly, as though in haste to be over with a dreaded duty—have often listened to the rare poetry of prose to which the form gave utterance, in speech quick and impetuous as the fancy it syllabled, and have often gone home wondering how a man could crowd so much of quaint conceit, of beautiful simile, of brilliant imagination, of pleasant humor, of tender sentiment and fine word painting, into an hour's discourse. The name of this form is Benjamin F. Taylor.

In one of his lectures,—that on "Motive Powers,"—Mr. Taylor has given the story of what is probably the most widely known waif in the language—a little poem which every paper in the country has printed,—and many of them a score of times—which every lover of poetry has read and re-read, which goes about under numerous names, and which has suggested more imitations, and been more frequently plagiarized, than any other bit of sentiment with which we are acquainted.

"Twenty years ago," the story runs, "on a dreary December evening, I sat in an upper room in the great metropolis, by the side of a sick girl. Not long before I had pledged to her all that a man can pledge to his heart's choice. Now in her need I lacked the means to give her proper care and comfort. From a city hundreds of miles away had come a demand for one of those commonly mechanical things known as New Year's Addresses. It was a question of poetry and bread, or no poetry and no bread. Fifty dollars was the motive power. I wrote the Address as desired, and these verses were part of it:

THE LONG AGO.

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
And the summers like buds between;

And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the River's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There 's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There 's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!—
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer:
There 's a harp unswept, and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear!

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the Blessed Isle,
All the days of our life, till night!
When the evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
And our eyelids are closing in slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

We believe Benjamin F. Taylor was born at Lowville, Lewis county, N. Y., where his father, Prof. Stephen

W. Taylor, was several years engaged in teaching. He early manifested poetic genius, though how he came by such inheritance was and ever has been a puzzling question to all familiar with his parentage. His mother displayed no poetic gifts, though she was one of those true womanly women who make homelife almost a poem in itself—such an one as memory holds immortal while daisies blossom over her grave,—one whom the poet might well recall as he did in "The Child and the Star"—

O heart of the house, my dead mother!
Give your boy the old greeting once more,
That I never have heard from another
Since Death was let in at the door.
I can reach up my hand to the ceiling
Of the rooms once the world's greater part—
Who wonders I cannot help feeling
They have narrowed to fit to my heart!

His father, though possessed of strong intellect, and very liberal culture, had nothing whatever of the poetic instinct, and was, in fact, as directly the opposite of our subject in character and habit as can be imagined. He was mathematically precise in all things, as rigid a stickler for discipline in thought and action as was ever known. He had literally no poetry in his soul. The most poetical features or events he would strip of their beauty, and make of them plain, precise, angular facts. On the other hand, his son clothes the homeliest hint or happening in poetic garb, wraps it in a metaphor, or decks it out with fancy, until it fairly blossoms into song.

When Benjamin F. and his brother Alfred were half-grown lads, Prof. Taylor removed to Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y., to become Principal of the Preparatory Department of the institution now known as Madison University, of which institution he ultimately became President, and in which his sons were mainly educated. As a scholar Benjamin F. was not remarkable. His mental make-up was not that of the close, plodding student. He was discursive, and liked rambling off into new paths, as was shown by his preparing a little volume, while in college, entitled "The Attractions of Language," his first venture in authorship. It was brought out in Hamilton, and much of it was written under pressure of the printer, the author's characteristic of procrastination in literary work cropping out at the very beginning.

His earliest poetical effort of any moment was, if we mistake not, a long poem written for delivery before some society, in which occurred this original and fanciful explanation of the Northern Lights:

> To claim the Arctic came the sun,
> With banners of the burning zone.
> Unrolled upon their airy spars,
> They froze beneath the light of stars;
> And there they float, those streamers old,
> Those Northern Lights, forever cold!

After leaving college Mr. Taylor taught school awhile, in various places in Central New York; married, at length; tried literature in New York, but with poor

success; and finally went to Chicago and became connected with *The Evening Journal*, of that city, as literary editor and contributor. His short, suggestive, often quaint and pithy articles in that paper soon attracted attention, and some of them were widely copied by the Press. They were presently collected in a modest volume entitled "January and June," which has more genuine poetry of thought in its two hundred and odd pages than can be found anywhere else in the same space, to our knowledge. In that volume appears what is probably the best thing Mr. Taylor ever wrote—a poem only less generally known and admired than the waif before spoken of, and having more artistic merit than any other from Mr. T.'s pen. It closes a little raphsody on "Bugs and Beauties," in which the real theme is Nature's coloring. Speaking of what glory-tints the evening shows, in the midst of description our writer glides away into memory:

"On such a night, in such a June, who has not sat, side by side, with somebody for all the world like 'Jenny June'? May be it was years ago; but it was *some* time. May be you had quite forgotten it; but you will be the better for remembering. May be she has 'gone on before,' where it is June all the year long, and never January at all; but God forbid! There it was, and then it was, and thus it was:

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Like a foundling in slumber the Summer-day lay,
On the crimsoning threshold of Even,

"Like a foundling in slumber the summer-day lay
On the crimsoning threshold of Even."

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And I thought that the glow from the azure-arched way
Was a glimpse of the coming of Heaven.
There together we sat by the beautiful stream;
We had nothing to do but to love and to dream
In the days that have gone on before.
These are not the same days, though they bear the same name
With the ones I shall welcome no more.

But it may be the angels are culling them o'er,
For a Sabbath and Summer forever,
When the years shall forget the Decembers they wore,
And the shroud shall be woven, no, never!
In a twilight like that, Jenny June for a bride,
Oh! what more of the world could one wish for beside,
As we gazed on the river unrolled,
Till we heard, or we fancied, its musical tide,
As it flowed through the gateway of gold.

"Jenny June," then I said, "let us linger no more
On the banks of the beautiful river;
Let the boat be unmoored, and be muffled the oar,
And we'll steal into heaven together.
If the angel on duty our coming descries,
You have nothing to do but throw off the disguise
That you wore when you wandered with me,
And the sentry shall say 'Welcome back to the skies,
We have long been awaiting for thee.'"

Oh! how sweetly she spoke ere she uttered a word,
With that blush partly hers, partly Even's;
And that tone like the dream of a song we once heard,
As she whispered, "*That* way is not heaven's;
For the river that runs by the realms of the blest

Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast—
Oh! *that* river is nothing like this!
For it glides on in shadow, beyond the world's west,
Till it breaks into beauty and bliss!"

I am lingering yet, but I linger alone,
On the banks of the beautiful river;
'T is the twin of that day, but the wave where it shone
Bears the willow tree's shadow forever!

In the volume named, there are several fragments of verse, in each of which some beautiful thought shines out, and half-a-dozen poems grown to the dignity of a name and meriting a reprint here did space permit. Of the fragments, here is one about the dawning of Liberty's Day, which has the real lyric ring:

Oh! wild was that dawning! No welcome of words
No star to foretell it—no warbling of birds—
No fading of shadows—no murmur of rills—
No flashing of pinions—no flushing of hills;
But the day broke in thunder o'er land and o'er sea,
And from cloud and from shroud rang the song of the Free.
Oh! that song of wrought-iron no bard could have made,
With its surging of banner and gleaming of blade;
With its column of cloud and its pillar of flame,
And the clods 'neath the dead turned *the color of fame!*

Here is another, which pictures the going away of a loved one, never to return:

The sky was all beauty, the world was all bliss—
Oh! who would not pray for an ending like this?

So my beautiful May passed away from life's even;
So the blush of her being was blended with heaven;
So the bird of my bosom fluttered up to the dawn—
A window was opened—my darling was gone!
A truant from time, from tears and from sin,
For the angel on watch took the wanderer in.

Of the full-fledged poems, one is familiar to school-boys, from often finding place in school-readers, and is frequently brought into use for purposes of declamation. Barring some faults of rhythm, its lyrical effect is very fine. It sings of our national banner, and is entitled

GOD BLESS OUR STARS FOREVER.

"God bless our Stars forever!"
Thus the Angels sang sublime,
When round God's forges fluttered fast
The sparks of starry Time!
When they fanned them with their pinions,
Till they kindled into day,
And revealed Creation's bosom
Where the infant Eden lay.

"God bless our stars forever!"
Thus they sang, the seers of old,
When they beckoned to the morning
Through the Future's misty fold;
When they waved the wand of wonder—
When they breathed the magic word—
And the pulses' golden glimmer
Showed the waking Granite heard.

"God bless our stars forever!"
'T is the burden of the song,

Where the sail through hollow midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue Heaven
Is a-gleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it
For the sailor in the shrouds!

"God bless our stars forever!"
It is Liberty's refrain,
From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine;
Where the green Multnomah wanders,
Where the Alabama rests—
Where the Thunder shakes his turbans
Over Alleghany's crests.

* * * * * * *

Oh! it waved above the Pilgrims
On the pinions of their prayer;
Oh! it billowed o'er the battle
On the surges of the air;
Oh! the stars have risen in it
Till the Eagle waits the sun,
And Freedom from her mountain watch
Has counted "Thirty-one."

When the weary years are halting,
In the mighty march of Time,
And no *New* ones throng the threshold
Of its corridors sublime;
When the clarion call "Close up!"
Rings along the line no more,
Then adieu, thou Blessed Banner,
Then adieu, and not before!

We have not room for the entire poem, but its spirit can be caught from these stanzas, which are the best. From a poem of some length, entitled "Broken Memories in Broken Rhymes," inscribed to his brother Alfred, we make this extract:

Oh! they tell us of the future, of purer lives, and perfect men,
But I should n't wonder, brother, we were nearer Heaven then;
If by life's wild tempest driven, that sweet port we 've drifted past,
Oh! send a pilot, gentle Heaven, to bring us back at last!

From home to home, my brother! Oh! how breathless were the bliss,
To be the boys together there—in that world as in this!
Methought I heard a hail, brother, and it syllabled my name;
Oh! ship your oar a moment, let us listen whence it came.

There away, like moonlight breaking, something dawning through the dark!
Now the shadow shape is taking,—sail of silver! silver barque!
In the bow there stands an angel, and a cherub by her side;
And that cherub, trust me, brother, is the little boy that died.

Angel? No! But wife and woman; she that looked me into love,
While below she sweetly waited for her wings, and went above.

Had I seen through her disguising, could I so have
loved and mourned?
Oh! that loving, and that weeping, would have been to
worship turned.

As a maiden at her window, watches Love's pale planet
rise,
So my Mary's soul was watching, ever watching, at her
eyes;
As that maiden, footsteps hearing, from the darkened
window flying,
So some angel, earthward nearing, lured my Mary into
dying!

Mr. Taylor was called into the lecture field when lectures first began to be popular, and soon became a favorite with the public. It was not any grace of oratory which won him regard, for as an orator he does not excel. His rare power of pleasing, when upon the rostrum, does not lie in address, although he is by no means an unpleasant speaker. The charm is in the thought, not in the style of its utterance. He reads his lectures at a galloping rate, with little regard for elocutionary effect, hardly pauses to take breath, and scarcely gives opportunity for proffered applause. Simile, metaphor, sentiment, roll off his tongue in such quick succession that one has barely time to realize the beauty of each; and audiences go away in a daze of splendid rhetoric, unable to recall half the beauties of thought with which the hour has overflowed,—not vastly instructed, perhaps, but with a very satisfying memory of the hour and the man.

We doubt if there lives another, accustomed to public appearance, who is so keenly sensitive with regard to it as is Benjamin F. Taylor. He is almost morbidly sensitive, indeed, and suffers from his sensitiveness to a degree that would surprise phlegmatic people. His mood is as variable as the mercury in a barometer, and goes up or down in sympathy with the atmosphere of circumstance and occasion. He can never get over what is known among speakers as stage fright, and has been known utterly to refuse giving his lecture, at the last moment, simply because his mood had suddenly sunk, and over-apprehension had taken undue hold upon him.

Mr. Taylor is strongly patriotic. When war came, his sympathies were all with "the Boys in Blue." Leaving his quiet literary labor in *The Journal* office, abandoning the lecture field, he went with the soldiers of the West as their enthusiastic chronicler. In his army correspondence people were given the finest literature of the time. No other letters from the front so perfectly photographed army life, in all its varied features. No other pictures of war's sorrows and successes were so vivid, so intensely real, as were his. He went with the Army of the Cumberland, and saw the battles of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain. How the glory of loyal endeavor lit up his description of those memorable days! Every sentence was eloquent. In the graphic lines he drew, one could see the whole panorama of battle unfold. The charge, the steady onset, the thundering cannonade,

the roll of musketry, the brave daring, the magnificent victory—all were there. No finer descriptive writing was ever done, than Mr. Taylor did in the camp of that successful army whose courage and accomplishments he eulogized so well.

Back again in ways of peace, he told the story of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain to delighted audiences, east and west, and finally embodied it in a volume bearing that title, which merits lasting place among the records of war. Its pictures of army life are well worth preserving, while its narrative of victorious battling can not be surpassed.

Mr. Taylor is a perfect artist in words. He picks them out, and uses them, with an exquisite regard for every shade of meaning. Perhaps this characteristic is even more apparent in his prose than in his poetry. His thought is a veritable epicure in the choice of syllables; there seems no effort in it all; the marvelous wealth and fitness of syllabic expression is so natural you but half appreciate it, at the first. His fancy is quick as the lightning, airy and delicate as gossamer; his imagination runs free as the wind flies, and on its rhythmic feet wanders at will over all the fields of thought. Between his luxurious taste for words, his rare appreciation of syllabic meaning, his swift fancy and his lively imagination, he would make poetry of the dictionary itself. In the commonest and most matter-of-fact things he finds poetic hints and forms. Ordinary people would see little poetical in a

comet, yet hear him sing of one, after naming it

THE NEW CRAFT IN THE OFFING.

'T was a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had just fallen asleep,
And the watch on the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that another's it pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, "A sail! ho! a sail!"
And the question and answer went rattling like hail:
"A sail! ho! a sail!" "Where away?" "No'th-no'th-west!"
"Make her out?" "No, your honor!"—the din drowned the rest.

There, indeed, is the stranger, the first in these seas,
Yet she drives boldly on, in the teeth of the breeze—
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns,
Oh! how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Not a signal for Saturn this Rover has given,
No salute for our Venus, the flag-star of heaven;
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by the red planet Mars;
She has "doubled," triumphant, the Cape of the Sun,
And the sentinel stars, without firing a gun;
Now, a flag at the fore and the mizzen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
"Helm a-port!" "Show a light! she will run us aground!"
"Fire a gun!" "Bring her to!" "Sail ahoy!—whither bound?"

Avast there! ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone;
'T is a craft "in commission"—the Admiral's own;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
Though her anchors she weighed before Lucifer set!

Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman could make,
Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can break,
Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
With its anchor "let go" in the blue of the Blest;
Where that sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids, lie,
Where the scarf of red morning is flung on the sky;
Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air—
On the chart that she bears, you will find them all there!
Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
With her trackings of fire, and her streamers of flame!

This poem appeared soon after the great comet of 1858 blazed forth, and went the rounds. Another, on a common-place theme, is almost as much a waif as "The Long Ago," or "The Beautiful River," for like those it continually goes around in newspaper columns uncredited. It is about

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descending to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China," and "Mear."
All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and God!
Ah! "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden road—
O! not to the *hymns* that in harmony flowed—
But to those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girls that sang alto, the girls that sang air!

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said,
All the psalm books at once fluttered open at "York,"
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked out the key-note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,
To bear me again up the River of Time,
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its rhyme ;
Where the streams of the year flowed so noiseless and narrow,
That across them there floated the song of a sparrow ;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir,
When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the songs as they sung,
Till the glory aslant of the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun !

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down ;
And the dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes !
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong ;
O, be lifted, ye gates ! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever, amen !

We have spoken of Mr. Taylor as an artist in words. In prose or verse he paints a picture as few other artists can, with a grace of touch and a vividness of color especially his own. Here is one of his snow scenes, from

A WINTER PSALM.

As softly as on mountain air beatitudes were shed,
As gently as the lilies bud among the words He said,
So did the dear old Mountains lay the sparkling winter down
Upon the poor dumb bosom of a world so bare and brown—
So noiselessly and silently, such radiance and rest!
As if a snowy wing should fold upon a sparrow's breast.
Far thro' the dim uncertain air, as still as asters blow,
The downy drowsy feet untold tread out the world we know;
Upon the pine's green fingers set, flake after flake they land,
And flicker with a feeble light, amid the shadowy band;
Upon the meadows brown and brown where maids and mowers sung;
Upon the meadows gay with gold the dandelions flung;
Upon the farmyard's homely realm, on ricks and rugged bars,
Till riven oak and strawy heap were domes and silver spars;
The cottage was an eastern dream with alabaster eaves;
And lilacs growing round about with diamonds for leaves;
The well-sweep gray above the roof a silver accent stood,
And silver willows wept their way to meet a silver wood;

The russet groves had blossomed white and budded full
with stars,
The fences were in uniform, the gate-posts were hussars;
The chimneys were in turbans all, with plumes of crimson
smoke,
And the costly breaths were silver when the laughing chil-
dren spoke;
And gem and jewel everywhere along the tethers strung
Where mantling roses once had climbed and morning
glories swung.
So through the dim, uncertain air, as still as asters blow,
The downy drowsy feet untold tread out the world we
know.

In War Time, 1863, Mr. Taylor penned a brief lyric entitled "The Gospel of the Oak," and one may look long to find another bit of description so fine as this opening sonnet:

Up to the sun, magnificently near,
The Lord did build a Californian oak,
And took no Sabbath to the thousandth year,
But builded on until it bravely broke
Into that realm wherein the morning light
Walks to and fro upon the top of night!
Around that splendid shaft no hammers rang,
Nor giants wrought, nor truant angels sang,
But gentle winds and painted birds did bear
Its corner-stones of glory through the air;
Grand volumes green rolled up like cloudy weather,
And birds and stars went in and out together;
When Day on errands from the Lord came down,
It stepped from Heaven to that leafy crown!

Some of Mr. Taylor's contributions to *Scribner's Monthly*, within the past two years, have been veritable gems of descriptive poesy, and have found wide recognition. He has never been a prolific writer of verse, though of late he has written more than formerly. Much that he has penned has been in the way of longish poems, for special purposes of place and occasion; and some of these, from lack of careful work, have failed to do him justice. It is the misfortune of his temperament that he must labor under pressure of necessity—or thinks he must. Is a lecture to be written, he will wait until only a few days before his opening engagement for the season, and then dash it off at a heat. Is a poem to be delivered, likely as not he will pencil it down on bits of old letters, in the cars, on his way to the place of delivery.

As a natural consequence, there is often apparent lack of continuity of thought and idea, in his longer poems, as there is also, often, in his lectures. Yet frequent reading and careful search will always show that there is a logical connection of idea, and that the abruptness is more seeming than actual. The fault lies in a want of care for details,—for the rounding out and linking in of thought and idea, for the perfection of rhythm, which give finish and symmetry. But even the severest critic can not find fault with Mr. Taylor long at a time. His rare conceits, his unequaled daintiness of touch, his close sympathy, his intense love for the human, his perfection of color, his wonderful appreciation of old-time

beauties, his unlooked-for quaintness, his strong originality, put criticism quite to flight. And believing with him, that song is everlasting, we join in the prayer he breathes at the close of his volume of "Old Time Pictures," when speaking of

THE ROSE AND THE ROBIN.

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June,
The robin's breast of golden brown
Is trembling with an ancient tune.

The rose will bloom another year,
The robin and his wife will come,
But he who sees may not be here,
And he who sings be dumb.

Thy grace be mine, oh yellow rose!
My heart like thine its blossoms shed,
Grow fragrant to the fragrant close,
And sweetest when I 'm dead.

And so like thee I 'll pay my way
In coin that time can never rust,
And footsteps sound another day
Though feet have turned to dust!

Thy gift be mine, oh singing bird!
My song like thine round home and heart;
To Song, God never said the word
"To dust return, for dust thou art!"

ELIZA O. PEIRSON.

IN 1869, soon after *Moore's Rural New-Yorker* was removed to New York City, and while the writer of this still remained its Literary Editor, there came to our sanctum table a dainty manuscript, daintily traced in the well-known hand of an occasional contributor. It was just a simple bit of verse, but such as always pleases. It made a peculiarly pleasant impression on our mind, indeed, because of its perfect simplicity, its uniqueness. In a few days it saw the light of print, and we knew, with a sort of editorial intuition, that it would find favor with our brother editors, and go the rounds. And such was the case. Originally published under the author's usual *nomme de plume* of "Aliqua," within three weeks we saw it in a country paper, without any recognition of authorship, or any hint of credit, whatever; and ever since then the poem has been as veritable a waif as any we have mentioned, finding a snug place in numberless newspaper corners, and preaching its little sermon, of what life and death ought to be, to a large audience. It has been included, also, in several compilations of religious rhyme, and has been repeatedly quoted in obituary columns, with special reference—a touching memorial of fruitful age. Here it is:

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

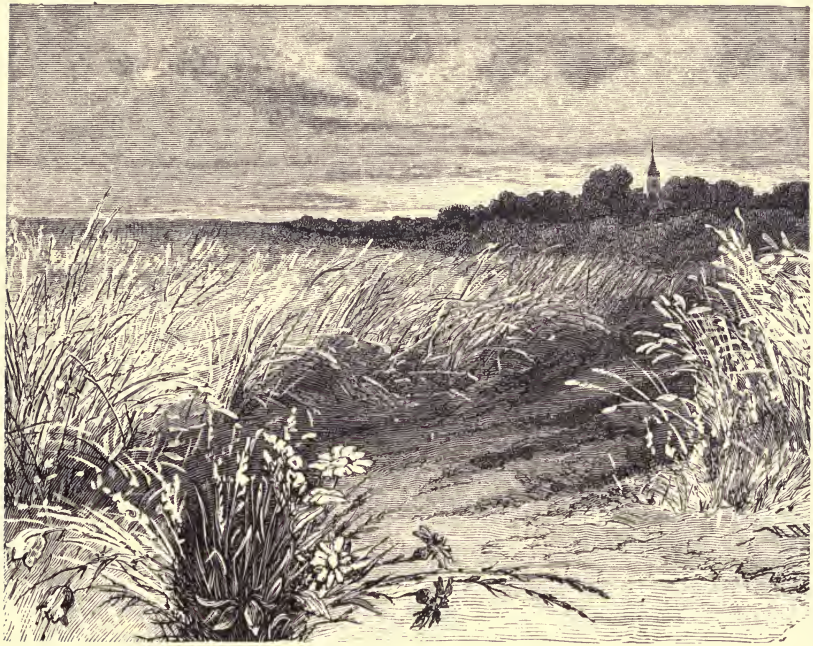
We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places at her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night;
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the field of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some gathered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
Not only with blossoms sweet,—
Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,—
But laden with golden wheat.



"From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife."

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There are more pretentious poems *In Memoriam,* but none that more beautifully and briefly sum up the Mortality and the Hope, than does this sum them up. We asked the author once how it came to be written, and this was the substance of her reply: "When telling me of the death of a mutual acquaintance—a lady of lovely character, whose years had numbered fourscore—a friend said: 'Among the white flowers in her coffin was a bunch of ripe wheat, and I thought it most beautiful and appropriate.' I penned the lines a few days after." It is thus that from the simplest incident or thought of to-day a popular poem springs, to be read and re-read by thousands, on the many coming morrows.

"Aliqua" veils her identity under a *nomme de plume* because in her sensitiveness she does not like to acknowledge anything she writes. Yet she has written many essays and poems of which no young writer, or one more mature, need be ashamed, and we feel warranted in disclosing her true personality. "Aliqua," then, is Mrs. Lizzie O. Peirson, a young married lady residing in Newark, Wayne county, N. Y. Her maiden name was Crosby. She was born in Rome, N. Y., if we mistake not, where she passed her childhood, and where she was educated. She has the poet's love for by-gone associations, and recurs often to those somewhat monotonous yet pleasant landscapes of the upper Mohawk valley.

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,"

the dearest far, to her, is that of those far-reaching meadows, where the river winds so quietly between fringing willows, as if in no haste to wed the Hudson and go shimmering off to the sea. She early manifested a taste for writing, and it was when she was only eight or nine years old that some friend procured the insertion of one of her poetic attemptings in a local paper. From that time on she has written more or less for publication, mostly for *The Rural New-Yorker* and *The Rural Home.* She took two or three prizes for composition, while at Rome Academy, and won the Abbot Gold Medal for a poem entitled "Gleams of Light."

Mrs. Peirson's love of nature is strong, to intensity, and strongly reflective. That she finds frequent inspiration in field, forest, and flower, and oftenest sings of these, is not strange; and that she catches some hint of a life-lesson in every scene she views, does not surprise us. What could be more natural, to one of her mental cast, looking out upon November's dreariness, than thus to muse on

MIGNONETTE.

The garden mourns for beauty lost
Through all its walks and ways,
And winds in passing hold lament
For dear dead summer days,
For faded flowers that lowly lie
With ghostly leaves,—and yet
They find there lingers fresh and sweet
Some blooms of mignonette.

All brilliant flowers are pale and dead
And sadly droop to earth,
While pansies chill in velvet robes
Count life but little worth;
But in these dark November days
That wander wild and wet,
Our thoughts are winged to summer hours
On breath of mignonette.

Along the garden ways of life
Droop withered hopes to-day;
Blooms that we thought were *immortelles*
Have faded quite away;
But on the graves of friendships dead
Some frail sweet flowers are set,
Whose autumn fragrance thrills the heart
Like breath of mignonette.

Of a cheerful, sunny disposition, Mrs. Peirson is yet loyal to the sober side of life, and with faithful affection, and remembrance hallowed by tears, she can meditate tenderly

OVER THE GRAVES.

Ermine robes of the winter's weaving
Jeweled and gilt by the shining sun;
Autumn leaves in their glory leaving
Lonely trees when their work is done;
Summer rains in their quiet weeping,
Bending the daisy's crown of snow,
Fall on graves in whose silent keeping
Slumber our loved ones cold and low.

Tiny fingers of creeping grasses
Weave a coverlet fresh and fair,
Gently stirred by the wind that passes
With low sound as the voice of prayer;
Tiny fingers of creeping mosses
Note the words on the marble cold,
Cover the dates of our sad losses,
Touch the names that we loved of old.

Crickets chirp in the leafy places,
Honey bees in the blossoms throng,
Sailing shadow on shadow chases,
Birds encumber the air with song;
Ivies clamber over the crosses,
Droop and cling to the earthy mold,
Catching sweets that the lily tosses
Down from her cup of white and gold.

Silent and sad the mighty shadows
Settle over each mossy mound;
Sailing fogs from the marshy meadows
Gently, mistily wrap them round;
Moonbeams bright with shadowy edges
Caught from the dark fir trees they pass,
Shimmer and gleam like silver wedges
Dropped adown in the dewy grass.

Starry lights in the heavenly spaces
Watch above in the solemn night;
Guarding mists that the day displaces
Rise on sunbeam ladders of light;
Bending roses of summer pressing
Sweet red lips to the daisy snow,
Murmur ever of peace and blessing
Over our loved ones cold and low!

Mrs. Peirson's thought is quite religiously inclined, and nearly all her poems are of a soberly reflective character. Now and then she paints a picture, but even the picture has in it something of moralizing. Moralizing so pleasantly phrased, however, is very pleasant reading, especially when hid in the guise of

A SWEDISH LEGEND.

It is told in Swedish story,
'Mong the legends quaint and old,
How a priest and monk were passing
Where the river waters rolled,
And were hushed to silent wonder
At the music strange and sweet
That among the high rocks echoed
Yet seemed rising round their feet.

They beheld a merman floating
On the waters rippling bright,
And his long hair fell about him
Like a flood of golden light,
While his lute's sweet music sounded
All the rocks and hills among,
And afar a deep-toned answer
From the chapel bell was flung.

"Hush, for shame!" the prelate shouted—
"For such as you it is not meet
To give forth such luring music
To delay all passing feet,
For no more your sinful spirit
Can be saved from endless strife
Than this worn, dead staff I'm holding
Can renew its blooming life."

Then a wailing sounded wildly
From the merman left alone,
And a sadness seemed to echo
In the chapel bell's deep tone,
While the monks in fear and trembling,
Looked upon their angry chief,
For behold! the staff he walked with
Bursting into bud and leaf!

Awe and pain, and deep contrition
Crept into the prelate's heart,
As he thought how far and proudly
He had kept himself apart
From all lower, weaker classes;
Drooping low on bended knee
Prayed he with an humbled spirit—
"Teach me love and charity!"

Ne'er before that morning service
Sounded priestly words so sweet,
Never did the monks so meekly
Each devout response repeat;
While a faint, sweet music echoed
Up the chapel aisles and stairs,
Chiming softly with the chanting,
Mingling sweetly with the prayers!

It is the privilege of but few, always to stand upon the mountain-tops. Yet they who walk the low-lands, far beneath, at evening gray or morning dawn, or through long twilight times between, may see with Mrs. Peirson, if they will, the glad

LIGHT ON THE HILLS

Light on the distant hills!
While we in shadow rest,
A light that gleams through broken clouds
That sail from east to west,
That break and move and drift apart,
Revealing clearest blue,
And silver edges bright and clear
Where gleams the sunshine through.

Light on the distant hills!
Where pure on winter days
The white snow lies against the skies;
Where autumn's robes of haze
Fall round her golden sandaled feet,
Where summer grasses creep;
O'er which the years with dying tears
Pass onward to their sleep.

Light on the distant hills!
Beyond whose farthest rim
Are loving friends whose trust and truth
Through changes grow not dim;
Are homes where welcome warm awaits
And pleasures wing the hours;
And graves where faithful hearts are still
Beneath the grass and flowers.

Light on the distant hills!
That clearly, calmly rise,
Though weary grow the youthful feet
And dim the love-lit eyes;
The calm, grand, everlasting hills,
That ever changeless stand,

Though nations mourn their ruler's fall
And war sweep o'er the land.

Light on the distant hills!
The light of truth and right;
The years sweep on, the nations move,
And goodness gathers might.
The winds of God shall sweep the clouds
Away across the sky,
And all the shades shall be dispelled
That in the valleys lie;
And though these shadows linger still,
The heart with rapture thrills,
That while we wait and work and pray
The light shines on the hills!

Mrs. Peirson's prose is almost as poetical as her verse. It is very pure in expression, very tender in sentiment, often, and evidently the work of an introspective mind. If it most generally takes on the character of reverie, it is a refining and healthful reverie, suggestive of self-betterment, and there ought to be more of it.

M. H. COBB.

SOME men are born reformers. Love of their fellowman, and desire for human betterment, seem part of their very being. Quick to recognizs the Universal Want, their faith is strong that this Want will speedily be met. They will compel the millennial day in a lustrum, at the furthest, they fondly believe, and in this belief they labor on, fainting not, neither growing weary—wondering that the world so slowly progresses, perhaps, but confident that it does progress, and full of hope in its near future.

These reformers are patient, even in their impatience. They make real sacrifices. They work with an eye single to improving their race. Personal advancement, selfish interests, go for naught. Sinking the individual in the mass, they aspire only to a general good. In a rare spirit of philanthropic self-abnegation they seek solely the welfare of mankind. If they remain poor in purse it is small wonder. If they do not ultimately become despondent and cynical, the wonder is scarcely less. The millennium does not dawn; an ideal manhood does not gladden the world; their labors appear productive of little fruit. And the hands do at last tire of toil; the gray hairs do come and multiply; the

wrinkles hint of accumulating years and an end to doing.

Of this class of born reformers is Mr. M. H. Cobb, now Cashier of the United States Mint, in Philadelphia, longtime connected with the Newspaper Press, and author of the following Waif:

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory,
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife,
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,

Had fewer blind men to adore it,—
If Talent shone
In Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when Wrcng beats down the Right,
Would strike together to restore it,—
If Right made Might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

This poem, like many others from the same pen, was begotten of a strong desire to make man better, and therefore happier. It is a development in rhyme of the idea supreme in its author's mind, but oftener finding expression in years gone by than now. For the reform spirit sometimes appears to be less dominant in a man, as circumstances hedge him about, and its manifestations become less marked. Mr. Cobb is to-day as much a reformer at heart as when, twenty years ago, he penned the above waif—his desire for human betterment is not less strong than it then was—but a group of sunny-hearted girls call him father, their noble mother adds a wealth of affection to his life, and it is easy to see how his love of man has come to be somewhat specialized.

Mr. Cobb was born on Beech Hill, in the town of Colebrook, Litchfield county, Conn., April 20th, 1828.

His ancestry were of the good stock that settled Plymouth and Saybrook—so well-known in New England history—and so he has a clear title to his temperament and taste, both of which are tinged with the missionary element, it seems to us, and both of which impel to hard work, while the former can bide a patient waiting. We have classed him among the born reformers. The reform spirit was born with his new-born manhood, in manifestation. At the age of fourteen he began writing, his first published efforts being tolerable imitations of Byron, and funny parodies of Junius in a political way, which appeared in the Hartford *Times;* but at twenty-one he took to enthusiastic verse-making in behalf of reform, and his name became familiar to such reform lovers as read the New York *Tribune.*

Then he set himself about what he regarded the real work of man's moral redemption; and he labored with rare faithfulness. "I have worked twenty hours a day," he wrote us once, "and lived on less than a dollar a week, expecting to see the world ever so much improved thereby. It was an amusing dream. Still, the example told, and if human gratitude can comfort one I may be comforted." It will be seen that he had faith. It will be seen, also, that he measures his efforts more correctly than once he did; it is possible that he even undervalues them. Good, faithful, loyal service will better the world somewhat—thus much is sure—though it may not to our knowledge speed millennial glory.

Mr. Cobb took to the politico-journalistic field, and nearly all his endeavor has been put forth therein. Perhaps it is for this reason that his labors seem to him less fruitful than they should have been; for the field is large, and the really reform laborers very few. It is probable that politics never paid him for all his doing, inasmuch as politics never or seldom pays the honest reformer. Yet amid discouragements and defeats, through more than two decades of waiting for results, he has never actually lost faith, has never given up hope, has never grown cynical and old in the conflict. His heart is as young as ever, albeit he no longer expects immediate returns from work. An extract from one of his letters will show his present state of mind: "Now I think of man as he will be a few ages hence, after I am dust. The divine image is in him, and can not be altogether suppressed. He has sometimes given me a blow for my love, and I have paid him for it. Because he still loves to wallow I do not despair. Let us give him the benefit of a living hope in his *capacity* for improvement."

Circumstances, the outgrowth of a dominant idea, in part, have kept Mr. Cobb from cultivating the poetical side of his nature as he would otherwise have cultivated it. Rhythm was born in him earlier than reform, but became subservient to it. In his early childhood he improvised. As we have said, he began writing for publication when very young. But rhythmic expression was

largely foregone after the reform idea took such hold upon him. He wrote a dozen times as many poems at fifteen years of age as at twenty-five; and since then the poetic impulse has been yielded to very rarely. When he has written verse he has been strongly moved to it; and in the majority of such instances the effort has never seen the light of print. Among our papers we find the following:

THE SHIPS THAT SAIL AWAY.

I think of the ships that sail away,
The white-winged ships that sail away,
Freighted with fears and wasted tears,
And joys we gathered for long, long years,
For the possible rainy day.

I sleep, and dream of the white-winged ships
That glide from the shores of life away!
That swiftly glide with the ebbing tide,
Bearing my joys to the farther side,
Into the twilight gray.

O, ships that vanish into the past!
Are none to return to the port at last?
Shall I vainly wait at the seward gate
Beaten, and bruised, and scarred by fate,
Chilled by the winter blast?

The ships that carry my griefs—alas!
Have hulls of iron and shrouds of brass!
The storm's impact leaves them intact,
Though hurled on the jagged rocks of Fact,
Where fearful breakers mass!

Writing, with Mr. Cobb, is often less a matter of volition than compulsion. The poetic impulse is strong within him under the influence of either pain or pleasure. From his temperament he will take to rhythmic expression whenever hurt or pleased, or whenever by any means fervently wrought upon. "The World would be the Better for It" took form in his mind almost unbidden early one December morning in 1854, and rising he transcribed it, sent it to *The Tribune*, and it has been everywhere read, since. He obeyed the poetic impulse then, under the influence of love for the community. In the few verses last quoted his impulse was evidently influenced by some sharp thrust of disappointment, that left keen pain in the soul. The influence is less personal, but not quite hidden, in this poem published in *The Tribune* in 1866, entitled

DECEMBER.

Far down the somber-tinted North,
Where Argol leads his train of suns,
Gray Winter's herald issues forth
And casts his mantle as he runs.

So speeds he in his icy mail;
His breath falls down in glitt'ring frost,
And like the sea-spray on the gale
His hoary, unbound locks are tost.

He smites the rivers and the lakes;
His path is over plain and hill;
The night is past, and morning breaks
Upon the mountains, gray and chill.

O Summer, with your violet eyes!
O golden Autumn, many-sheaved!
Our griefs are voiced in sobs and sighs,
Like little children oft-bereaved.

O winds, perfumed with Summer flowers!
O fields, in Summer's emerald sheen!
O Summer birds, and Summer bowers,
O Summer days and nights serene!

We have but a few of Mr. Cobb's published poems before us from which to select, and therefore can only give such as illustrate his various styles of thought, without feeling any wise sure that either specimen given is the best of its kind which he has produced. The following was contributed to *The Tribune* just after the loss of an ocean steamer:

A SHIP SAILED OUT TO SEA.

Over the pathless deep
A thousand miles away,
Where spicy breezes sleep
To wake at shut of day,
A gallant ship went down—
A thousand fathoms down,
Beneath the waters blue—
Ship, passengers, and crew.

No eye beheld the wreck
Save the All-seeing Eye;
But, from the crowded deck
Went up a fearful cry,
Ere to their nameless graves

Beneath the pitiless waves,
Five hundred and a score
That foundering vessel bore.

"No tidings!" rang the press;
"No tidings of the ship!"
A city paused in mute distress,
And whitened every lip;
No tidings? Can it be,
A ship went down to sea
And shall return no more
To homeward port, or shore?

"No tidings!" day by day
The clanking press rung out;
Thus swept the months away;
A year of awful doubt.
'No tdings!" nevermore
To port on homeward shore,
Will that good ship return,
To comfort those who mourn?

And thus for many a bark,
With its immortal freight,
In chill suspense and dark
Shall men in anguish wait,
The while they sadly say—
"Alas! they sailed away
Over the pathless main
And come not back again!"

Lost—lost at sea! and yet,
I see their phantom shapes
With gleaming sails all set,
Doubling the shadowy capes;

The capes that fade away,
Like shades at shut of day,
Into the waste of Night!
Into the utter Night!

This, of quite another character, appeared in *The Evening Post* several years ago. It conjures up a picture of rare beauty, and is delicately limned:

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE WEST.

Last eve the sunset winds upheaved
A mountain in the west,
All seamed with gloomy gulfs, from base
Up to its golden crest;
Cloud piled on cloud that mountain rose—
A storm whose wrath was spent—
Its routed legions gathered up,
In common ruin blent;
And all about its dark base rolled
A sea of gorgeous dyes,
And on its summit blazed a fire
Too bright for mortal eyes;
And grandly down its southern slope
A purpling river flowed
Into the sea of gorgeous dyes
Which at its foot abode.

And we, who marked the scene sublime,
Beheld a shining band
Press upward to the mountain top,
As to a Promised Land;
Their faces kindling with the light
That played about its crest—

And two, more glorious, led the way,
In spotless garments dressed;
Some wearied on the way, and these
The stronger lifted up,
And held unto their parching lips
Love's overflowing cup—
And thus refreshed, they buoyantly
Pressed forward in the van,
And leaped and danced for gladness, where
The purpling river ran.

Thus joyously the band pressed on
Until the least had won
And stood transfigured on the mount—
The children of the sun;
But soon their brightness waxed too great
For mortal eyes to bear,
And Night, in mercy, dropped her veil
To hide the vision fair;
But we, who saw that light sublime,
Hallowing yestereven,
Joyed in the thought that we had sped
A little nearer Heaven.

Mr. Cobb was of the original staff of the New York *World*, and later was employed upon the Philadelphia *Daily Day*. He is now taking life a little easier than active journalism permits—enjoying a half respite, richly earned by long years of hard and unceasing toil.

JAMES G. CLARK.

THERE are some waifs which we are always glad to see, however often we chance upon them,—some which, through their sweet suggestiveness, never fail to awaken purer reflections, to turn our thought for a little time away from every-day themes, and to lead us up, out of self and selfish things, into a new atmosphere. Of this class is the following, ever worthy the space so frequently accorded it by newspapers:

ART THOU LIVING YET.

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
  Beyond the realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
  And dry the tears from weeping eyes;
Where winter melts in endless spring,
  And June stands near with deathless flowers;
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
  Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
  With tears for one I can not see;
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
  And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
  Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me thrill
  An undertone to care and strife;

Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified,
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died.
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade,
The winters blow along my way;
But over every light and shade
Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that can not die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death;
And yet, at times, my eyes are wet
With tears for her I can not see—
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me

JAMES G. CLARK.

Was there ever more tender tribute paid to a mother's memory, than throbs throughout this? The questioning exists only in form; this we realize, as we read each soulful line. In the poet's remembrance the mother lives on, as much a cheering personal presence as in the days gone by; and the poet feels that when life's waiting is over, together they will enter upon immortality. Thank God that some mothers live thus, although their places here with us be vacant!

The poem has been so widely published with full recognition of authorship that, although often appearing as a waif, we need hardly say it was written by James G. Clark. Mr. Clark was born on the 28th of June, 1830, in the little village of Constantia, N. Y., close by the border of Oneida Lake. His parents were excellent Christian people, well-known and much respected in the community. His father, Sereno Clark, was quite prominent in Oswego county politics, being Supervisor of his town for ten or twelve years, Justice of the Peace full twenty years, and member of the Constitutional Convention in 1846. His mother was a very fine singer, and possessed of a highly poetic organization, and from her he inherited those gifts that have made him so popular as a balladist and poet. We believe both parents have been dead several years.

In childhood Mr. Clark displayed great taste for music, as also a strong liking for dreamful idleness. Before he could talk he sang tunes correctly; and much

of his time, in summer, he spent in lonely loitering about the borders of Oneida Lake, dreaming the days away. His educational opportunities were fair, nothing more. Largely self-taught, in music as in general knowledge, he owes much to a rare quickness of perception allied to unusual powers of memory, and to a ready comprehension of the salient features of things. He has been all his life a student, though not many years a student of the schools. He has studied humanity and nature, with a largeness of heart and a sympathy of soul to understand both.

Mr. Clark first drew public attention to himself, not as a poet, but as a concert singer. Or rather, while he began by being both poet and singer—for from the outset he sang his own songs—people thought of him first as singer instead of poet. He drifted into the concert-field by force of natural tendencies, with no thought that he might make concertizing a permanent business. First he traveled with a troupe of his own, made up from neighboring counties; then he associated himself with Ossian E. Dodge—famous as a public performer twenty years ago—acting for a time in the capacity of musical composer, and afterwards as musical director, of the troupe known as "Ossian's Bards." We have said that at first the people thought of him rather as the singer than the poet, and yet it was during this portion of his life that he wrote and set to music several of his best known and most admired poems—poems which have

done ballad duty every since, and which, it is safe to say, have been more popular among the cultured and intelligent than any similar productions from any other American writer. "The Rover's Grave;" "The Old Mountain Tree; "The Rock of Liberty;" "Meet Me by the Running Brook;" "The Mountains of Life," and "The Beautiful Hills," carried his name everywhere.

"The Mountains of Life" has been very widely copied and several times plagiarized.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'T is the land of our God, 't is the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gales from its garden are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

O, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod—
And the day never smiles from his palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God;

We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
"And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,"
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Finer than this, in the estimation of many, and differing from it sufficiently to be included here, although nearly akin in spirit, is the following:

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

Oh! the Beautiful Hills where the blest have trod
Since the years when the earth was new;
Where our fathers gaze from the field of God,
On the vale we are traveling through.
We have seen those hills in their brightness rise,
When the world was black below,
And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes,
In the night of our darkest woe.
Then sing for the Beautiful Hills,
That rise from the evergreen shore;
Oh! sing for the Beautiful Hills,
Where the weary shall toil no more.

The cities of yore that were reared in crime,
And renowned by the praise of seers,
Went down in the tramp of old King Time,
To sleep with his gray-haired years.
But the Beautiful Hills rise bright and strong
Through the smoke of old Time's red wars,
As on that day when the first deep song
Rose up from the morning stars.
Then sing for the Beautiful Hills, etc.

We dream of rest on the Beautiful Hills,
Where the traveler shall thirst no more;
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills
That wander the green glens o'er.
We can feel the souls of the martyred men
Who have braved a cold world's frown;
We can bear the burdens which they did then,
Nor shrink from their thorny crown.
Then sing for the Beautiful Hills, etc.

Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling
To our feet this load of ours.
The winds of spring to the valleys sing,
And the turf replies with flowers;
And thus we learn on our wintry way,
How a mightier arm controls,
That the breath of God on our lives will play
Till our bodies bloom to souls.
Then sing for the Beautiful Hills,
That rise from the evergreen shore;
Oh! sing for the Beautiful Hills,
Where the weary shall toil no more.

Another, not less known, and always liked, as well for the uncommon beauty of the poem as for the sweetness of the melody to which it was wedded, we give entire:

MARION MOORE.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that singeth;
Gone, like the flower by the way-side that springeth.
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing;
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing;
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore;
I will remember, alas! to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before!

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore!
Peace which the queens of the earth can not borrow;
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow;
O! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

In all the ballad literature of our language there is no purer sentiment than is embodied in these five stanzas, nowhere is pure sentiment more admirably expressed. We never sing the fourth stanza but the beauty of that last simile impresses us anew.

> "*Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth,*
> *Darkness behind thee, but glory before!*"

Could there be anything more completely expressive? One can rarely find as perfect a gem as this. And very

seldom will you chance upon a tenderer little ballad than this of

SWEET RUTH.

The summer will soon be here, sweet Ruth,
For the birds of brighter bowers
Are singing their way from the balmy South
To the land of opening flowers;
But the summer will fade, and the flowers will die,
And the birds, from bank and plain,
Go mourning back to a warmer sky
While I wait for thee in vain.

O! many a heart and many a hand
I have prized in pain and bliss,
Have found that rest in a better land
Which they never knew in this;
And of all the forms that fled with thee,
From a kingdom fraught with tears,
There are none that seem like thine to me
Through the golden mist of years.

But I never have wished thee back, sweet Ruth,
In the years that since have rolled,
And I guard the memory of thy truth
As a miser would his gold.
The loneliest glens of my being know
How the birds of peace may sing,
And the darkest waves have caught the glow
From a guardian angel's wing.

While Mr. Clark was director of "Ossian's Bards," the bass singer of the troupe—Mr. Albert G. Tanner, of Jordan,—a very excellent and gifted young man,

sickened with fever, and died. It was in his memory that "November" was written, one of Mr. Clark's best pieces. We would much like to copy it in full, but will give only the closing stanzas:

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime;
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing,
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long-ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow,
Amidst the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light,
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wandering bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.

Tanner's death necessitated a re-organization of the troupe, and while looking for a man to fill the vacancy, Mr. Clark took the field alone, and began giving ballad concerts. Since that time he has constantly sung alone, as a matter both of profit and choice. He has been highly successful. That he has been able to sustain himself so many years, unassisted by other talent, is ample testimony as to the character of his entertainments. Possessing a voice of peculiar sweetness, and

having that final accomplishment of the good balladist, a perfect enunciation, to listen to him of an evening is genuine pleasure unalloyed.

One secret of his success in the concert-room lies in the fact that his songs are not common-place rhyme, or wretched doggerel. In selecting a song for public rendering, his first consideration is sentiment that he believes in; the next, poetic expression that he can approve of. Other considerations are secondary to these. As a result, his singing has an influence uplifting and ennobling; and we can heartily endorse the expression of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in wishing there were "ten thousand such men singing truths into the hearts of the people."

Of late years Mr. Clark has written little verse—not the half that should have come from his pen. Early in the war he gave us the best lyric called forth by that sad time, unless we except Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn," and it seemed a pity that he should not write more lyrics. True, he did pen one or two others, when war had ceased, and they went the rounds of the press. One of these, and the longest, is entitled "The Boatman's Dream," and blends the descriptive and the imaginative in an unusual degree. To illustrate how largely his talent partakes of the former element, we quote the first two stanzas, which are rarely equalled:

> With long arms o'er the prairies tossed,
> And feet that bathed in tropic spray,

And head all white with Northern frost,
The mighty Sire of Waters lay;
His fingers gleamed with priceless mines,
Or watered herds along the plains,
And lowly grass and lofty pines
Drew life and grandeur from his veins.

The June winds left their mountain towers,
Which guard the Valleys of the West,
With odors from a million flowers,
To soothe the sleeping giant's rest;
They danced along his pulsing form,
With many a quaint and charming grace,
And threw their kisses, sweet and warm,
In dimples on his weary face.

The poem which, of all he has written, Mr. Clark considers best, we reproduce, entire, below. In its way, it has few, if any, equals, and is certainly unsurpassed. It was written during ten days of watching by the bedside of that mother to whom he has paid such loving tribute in the Waif of this article—watching that ended only with the mother's death—written, as Mr. Clark once assured us, when the pressure to write was irresistible, when he could not help writing.

LEONA.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn,
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the land of its birth.

'T would even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by; should the grief
That is gathering now ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

It will be seen on perusing such poems as "Leona," "The Evergreen Mountains of Life" and "The Beautiful Hills,"—indeed it is apparent in nearly all his poetical productions—that Mr. Clark's nature is peculiarly a religious one. Yet his religion is of a broad and liberal type; in fact, he is in religion what he is in politics—a radical. By church connection an Episcopalian, by native sympathy of thought and feeling he is a Liberal, with theology as wide as the widest. He seems to have been foreordained a Reformer. He sings and writes always in the interest of what he deems Truth. Within a few years he has written several prose essays, for *The Independent* and other papers, which in their radicalness have been vigorous and pungent, and which have shown him to be one of the strong thinkers of the time. As another specimen of his purely religious verse, we quote the following:

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean,
Gathering might from each mountain and glen;
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men;
Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,

Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,
Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Look on us wanderers, sinful and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptation below;
Thine is the goodness o'er everything holy,
Thine is the mercy to pity our woe;
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us
Spotless and pure as the angels on high,
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
Lovers of mammon and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
Lifting their souls to that one mighty name:
"Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
On the broad waters the black shadows lie,
Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
Heave with the pulse of the Infinite breath,
Why should we shrink from the billows' commotion?
Angels are walking the waters of death;
Angels are blending their notes in the chorus,
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
"Father, the billows grow lighter before us,
Heaven with its mansions eternal draws nigh."

Mr. Clark is a fine specimen of physical manhood. Always temperate—in principle and practice a Total Abstainer—he has preserved his powers singularly well; and having studied the art of keeping in good health he

is full of promise for the years to come. Above the medium height, he carries a good head on goodly shoulders, erect and manlike. He wears a full beard, of a deep auburn tint, deeming the razor a civilization against nature; and above this his aquiline nose, his rather small but soul-lit eyes, and his broad, high forehead, over which the wavy hair drops in half carelessness, form a pleasing picture. He has been several years married, and has two interesting children, and resides in Syracuse in the interim of his concert tours.

Dr. James C. Jackson, editor of *The Laws of Life* and a keen judge of men, in a letter to the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* pronounced Mr. Clark's making up "eminently composite," and after speaking of his musical and poetical gifts said:

"As a comedian, exhibiting only in the privacies of the parlor, he shows wonderful endowments. Were he to cultivate his capacities the highest citizens of the land would gather to his entertainments, would he but make them public. He makes a great mistake to let this field lie fallow. As a conversationist he is very entertaining, and as a prose writer he is making character rapidly. If James G. Clark will keep teachable—willing to learn by whomsoever Divine Providence will send to him, and at the same time study the art of persuasiveness, I believe that he will yet give to mankind a poem that will carry his name lovingly to future generations."

We agree with Dr. Jackson as to the possibilities within him whom we have imperfectly sketched. James G. Clark should be more than a "newspaper poet." What he has already written is as worthy the blue and gold of our libraries as is most of that which wears the literary ermine—more worthy than much. And what he has written is only a prelude to what he ought to write. But he is not a prolific writer; he never will be. He is too much an artist ever to be voluminous. He *finishes*, as he goes along, and is as rigid in his choice of words as was ever the man whom he most resembles in general —Tom Moore. He composes mainly while walking, somewhat as did Wordsworth, and not seldom will repeat an entire poem before a line of it has been penned down. If ever he does pen a long poem—and we trust he may—it will be conscientiously worked out, will be a labor of artistic love, and will place his name high among the gifted singers of the world. As showing the artistic finish of Mr. Clark's verse, and to catch, in parting from him, a little more of his delicate regard for natural beauty, albeit somewhat tinged in this instance by a shade of melancholy, we quote

THE WOOD-ROBIN.

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'T was thus in my boyhood time—
That season of emerald and gold—
Ere the storms and the shadows that fall on our prime
Had told me that pleasures grow old.

I loved in the warm summer eves
To recline on the welcoming sod,
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and leaves
Where the wood-robin worshiped her God.

I knew not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day;
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tone of the wood-robin's lay.

O, beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its visions of hope and of love;
How cruel is life to reveal us the truth
That peace only liveth above.

The wood-robin trills the same tune
From her thicket in garden and glen,
And the landscape and sky and the twilight of June
Look lovely and glowing as then.

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a knell,
Tolling back through the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest forlorn,
Through the visions that rise from the past,

The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth,
Where the tides of the Infinite roll.

O, I fain would arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain;
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale,
And sigh for the haven in vain.

And I watch for the ripples to play,
And tell me the breezes are nigh,
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away,
To the lands that lie hid in the sky.

But the whip-poor-will wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west;
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird; ere the sun
Shall line the green forests with light,
Thou 'lt wake from thy slumber more merry than one
Who heard thee and blessed thee to-night.

MARY F. TUCKER.

ABOUT the year 1854 two poems appeared in *The National Era*—a paper that had the honor of introducing Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Gail Hamilton to the reading public—which soon became popular, and which have since periodically gone the rounds of the press. The one more often printed, perhaps, was the following:

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds;
Not unto craft and cunning,
Not unto human creeds;
Not to the one whose passion,
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
No. to the princely mansion,
Not to the blossomed crest:
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly-blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not to the jeweled crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

Its homely truth has found wide recognition, and may have moved many hearts to nobler longings, to freer charity, to more kindly impulse. The other is similar in style, and fully as practical in application. Those who have not read it elsewhere,—even those who have—will thank us for reproducing it here:

GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

This is a simple song, 't is true—
My songs are never over-nice,—
And yet I 'll try and scatter through
A little pinch of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
To never boast of much renown,
For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up, and some come down.

I know a vast amount of stocks,
A vast amount of pride insures;
But Fate has picked so many locks
I would n't like to warrant yours.
Remember, then, and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown,
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Another thing you will agree,
(The truth may be as well confessed)
That "Codfish Aristocracy"
Is but a scaly thing at best.
And Madame in her robe of lace,
And Bridget in her faded gown,
Both represent a goodly race,
From father Adam handed down.

Life is uncertain—full of change;
Little we have that will endure;
And t' were a doctrine new and strange
That places high are most secure;
And if the fickle goddess smile,
Yielding the scepter and the crown,
'T is only for a little while,
Then B. goes up and A. comes down.

This world, for all of us, my friend
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend,
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown;
For fear you 'll see him going up,
When you are only coming down.

The author of these two poems was Mary Frances Tyler, a young girl of seventeen, small in figure, with curling hair and bright gray eyes, living in Michigan. She had early manifested a poetic taste, and, though so young, had written considerably for local papers. Her first published poem was penned when she was but ten years old; and several poems written between her thirteenth and fifteenth years attracted considerable attention, and drew forth complimentary letters from distinguished people.

In 1856 Miss Tyler was married to Dr. E. L. Tucker, who practiced his profession in Macon, Mich., until the war broke out, and then went to the front as Lieutenant in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. He died at Chattanooga, October 5th, 1863, after gallant service —one of those fallen heroes whom the country lovingly remembers,—and left his young wife a widow, with three small children to care for. Something of the bereaved one's loneliness speaks through this tender tribute, which was written for *The Saturday Evening Post:*

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just such a day in autumn,
Hazy and soft and sweet,
With the Indian Summer walking
Abroad with her sandaled feet,
Her dusky locks disheveled,
Her dun robes trailing about
Just such a dreamy, golden day,
The light of a life went out

Afar on a southern hillside,
Where the sycamore branches wave,
Where the sweet magnolias blossom,
They hollowed and shaped a grave.
Oh, beautiful, perished darling!
Oh, tenderest heart and true!
If only its narrow chamber
Had folded and sheltered two!

Year after year the grasses
Curtain that lowly bed;
Summers garland their roses
Over the precious head:
Softly the sentinel cypress
Weaves with the mournful yew;
Would that their whispering branches
Shielded and shadowed two!

Again the Indian Summer
Goeth abroad as of old,
Bearing her gorgeous banners,
Crimson, and flame, and gold.
But alas for her royal beauty!
She is girded around about
With the weeds of an awful sorrow,
For the light of a life gone out.

Several years ago Mrs. Tucker removed to Omro, Wisconsin, her present residence. Always writing more or less for publication, her life is still a retired one, and she rather shrinks from than desires recognition. None of her later efforts have met with such popularity as has been accorded the two poems specially referred to, yet

she has written many things far superior to those in real poetic merit. Her recent poems show increasing delicacy of thought and expression, and give evidence that these years of womanly devotion to the child-life in her charge are bearing worthy fruit. Very daintily done is this, which first appeared in *The Phrenological Journal:*

A PICTURE.

I want to make a picture with my pen,
And though the unskilled limner's hand may blot,
It can not be disguised, for there is not
Another like it in the world of men.

A face of faultless beauty. Every line
Princely and peerless; royal-browed and fair,
Framed in the splendor of such sun-touched hair
As artists copy, making art divine.

Clear well-like eyes, whose yearning tenderness
Proclaims the poet-passion, strong but fine,
And more bewildering than ancient wine—
Compared with them the very stars look less.

Nor dazzling ruby, pearl, nor amethyst,
Combine the beauty of the perfect mouth;
Dewy and fragrant as the tropic south,
Oh, sweetest lips that ever woman kissed!

And far surpassing symmetry of lines,
The rare expression, the peculiar grace,
Lighting it all, as an illumined vase,
Reflects the hidden glory it enshrines.

So I have made my picture. And what then
If it hath fallen far and far below

The grand original? Yet this I know,
But one is like it in the world of men.

Mrs. Tucker has been editorially connected with several local journals, and displays much ability as a writer of prose. Several stories from her pen have been well received. A member of no church, she has long been to some extent identified with the Universalist denomination, having contributed considerably to its publications, and uniformly worshiping with it. But though making no profession of religion, not a little that she writes is warm with religious feeling, and breathes of a heart religiously inclined. The following is a comprehensive recognition of divine presence:

THOU.

Father, O Father! surrounded with ills,
Dangers beset me, and evils betide,
Yet through the valleys, and over the hills,
Thou art my guide!

Wearily bearing my burden of woe!
Helpless humanity, sorely distressed;
On toward the heavenly mansions I go,
Thou art my rest!

When through the stormy and perilous night,
Feebly with faltering footsteps, I grope;
Having no refuge, nor shelter, nor light;
Thou art my hope!

What though the world my deficiency knows,
What though it cavil, and censure and laugh;

Safe and securely on Thee I repose,
Thou art my staff!

When by the phantoms of evil pursued,
Fainting I fall, overpowered at length;
Yet shall I rise, in Thy spirit renewed,
Thou art my strength!

Down in the dreary and desolate tomb,
Low lie my perishing idols in dust;
Yet through bereavement, and anguish, and gloom,
Thou art my trust!

Pale are the brows, and the lips I have pressed,
Pulseless the hearts that had loved to the end;
Lord! Thou hast taken them into Thy rest,
Thou art my friend!

Life hath no beauty my heart to ensnare,
Death hath no terror my soul to appall;
Hid in Thy love's overshadowing care,
Thou art my all!

In all save that part of the first stanza which unqualifiedly asserts universal salvation, the following, originally contributed to *The Lady's Friend*, will find sympathetic response from all who put forth prayer:

INVOCATION

Oh! Thou most kind and merciful! who never
Shut out a wanderer from the fold forever;
Look from the bastions of the shining city,
In tender pity.

Though we have walked in crooked ways forbidden,
Keeping the talent which Thou gavest hidden;
Now when the shadows on our pathway lengthen,
Sustain and strengthen

Though we have wandered wilfully and blindly,
Treating the spirit of Thy love unkindly,
Yet when the night and darkness overtake us,
Do not forsake us.

Tempted and tried, and tossed, and torn, and shaken,
Blindly deceived, misguided and mistaken,
Snares do beset, and dire ills befall us,
Oh disenthrall us!

Given to doubting and to unbelieving,
The right rejecting, and the wrong receiving,
Lord, we are weak! yet grant us with our weakness
Patience and meekness.

Led by false hopes, allured by beacon flashes,
Finding at length but only dust and ashes,
Help us to see of earthly things the fleetness,
The incompleteness.

Since the dear idols whom we love and cherish,
Fall to the earth and fade, and fail, and perish,
Grant in the awful anguish of affliction,
Thy benediction.

Bereaved and weary, worn with heavy trials,
With keen reproaches, and with sore denials;
Through tribulations, tempest, flood and fire,
Lead us up higher.

Teach us our duty, give us strength to do it;
Show us the way, and help us to pursue it;

Strengthen our purpose, aid our weak endeavor,
Keep us forever!

In exquisite simplicity of tenderness, blent with rare strength of feeling, the following is not often excelled. The passion which it only half voices is subdued, but intense:

I LOVE HIM SO.

I said no love shall my thought divide,
I will put the hindering thing aside;
Its idle dreams to the weak belong,
There are nobler aims for the brave and strong,
Yet ever and always a sweet refrain
Is ringing and singing through heart and brain,
A melody tender, and soft, and low,
I love him so! I love him so!

A thousand lovers their loves forget,
I will rise above and beyond it yet;
There are too many faces under the sun
To live in the smiles of but only one,
Yet ever and always, and everywhere,
Beautiful eyes and sun-touched hair
Follow and find me wherever I go,
I love him so! I love him so!

There are beacon-lights on the hills of fame,
Honor and praise for the poet's name;
Chaplet of bay, and laurel crown,
A grand applause and a great renown.
Yet I sometimes think I would gladly miss
Them all, and more, for a single kiss,
And a moment's rest in the arms I know,
I love him so! I love him so!

J. W. BARKER.

OUR time of war was not largely productive of popular verse. Very much newspaper poetry appeared in those four years, it is true, but comparatively little of it was caught up and carried over the land. A few ringing lyrics met recognition, were read and sung everywhere, and will live because they deserve to live. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was one of these. "Fremont's Battle Hymn," by James G. Clark, was another. A number of fugitive pieces, incidental in character, became the waifs of our war literature, and only ceased their journeyings as waifs because they were incidental, and born of the time, and therefore lost interest when the time had gone by. Of this number was the following, entitled

PICKING LINT.

Plying the busy fingers
Over the vestments old,
Not with the weary needle,
Not for grains of gold;
Thinking of fainting heroes,
Out in the dreary night,
Smitten in freedom's battle,
First in the gallant fight;

Bright are the jewels from love's deep mint,
God blesses the fingers while picking lint.

Quicker—the blood is flowing.
Hundreds were slain to-day;
Every warm pulsation
Is stealing the life away.
"An hundred threads a minute,
An hundred drops of gore,"
Is the sad and thrilling measure
We have not learned before;
But the shadows are wearing a silver tint,
God blesses the fingers while picking lint.

We have clad the fallen heroes
With garments our hands have made,
By the lint we now are picking
Shall the fearful tide be stayed;
We lift our hearts to heaven,
And our Father's blessing crave—
God bless our smitten country,
Remember the fallen brave—
O bright are the jewels from love's deep mint,
God blesses the fingers while picking lint.

The poem was written by a gentleman more widely known as a teacher than as a poet—Prof. J. W. Barker.

Prof. Barker has written much in verse, and several of his productions have been extensively copied. He has written upon almost every sort of subject, but in general chooses a common-place theme, and treats it simply, without effort, and without especial heed to poetic finish. From his many poems it is almost impossible to select

J W. BARKER.

one or two that pre-eminently illustrate his habit of poetical thought. The waif of his now current is

BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker
That is slealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a dreamland
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh:
You may know this mischief-maker,
For his name is "By-and-By."

He is sitting by our hearthstones
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh:—
He 's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This enchanter, "By-and-By."

You may know him by his wincing,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his somber victims lie;
For a bold, determined fellow
Is this conqueror, "By-and-By."

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All the time that ever mortals

Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a distant sky;
For a cunning little artist
Is the fairy "By-and-By."

"By-and-By" the wind is singing;
"By-and-By" the heart replies;
But the phantom, just before us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie;
Only in the fancy liveth
This deceiver, "By-and-By."

Pathetically simple is the following, which has been often copied:

UNDER THE SNOW.

Down in the valley under the hill,
Droppeth the snow-flakes white and still,
Wrapping the violet, near my feet,
Cold and stiff in its winding sheet.
Many, alas! are the flowers that lie,
Cold and pale, 'neath the winter sky,
Many the dear ones sleeping low
Under the sheet of driven snow.

Press it gently, the precious mound—
Pure and white be it ever found;
Holy angels their vigils keep
Where my darling was laid in sleep.
Cold and wintry the earth may be,
Yet my spirit will stay with thee;

Morning and night my heart will go
Out in the valley under the snow.

When through the wintry vales of time
Wanders the spring of that heavenly clime,
When these fetters of sin and death
Melt away in its genial breath—
When the light from the "golden hills"
Earth's drear winter with gladness thrills,
Precious flowers will bloom, I know,
Lifeless now 'neath the winter snow.

As we have said, Prof. Barker generally chooses common-place themes. and how he treats them this will fairly show:

DARNING STOCKINGS.

Were there never a standing record,
To measure time's rapid flight,
Were there never a clock or dial,
I should know it were Saturday night;
I should know by the pile of stockings
In the basket on the floor,
That the "six days' work" was ended,
And another week was o'er;

And the balls upon the table
Of white and twisted yarn,
The needle, smooth and shining,
That was only made to "darn;"
And the patient, busy stitching,
With the weaving to and fro,
While a careful eye is watching
For the rents in heel and toe.

And every breach is mended
In a manner most complete—
A dozen, neat and tidy,
For as many busy feet;
Then off in the quiet dreamland
With a spirit gentle and light,
The pale and thoughtful watcher
Is welcoming Saturday night.

Let us learn from darning stockings
A lesson of patient love,
From the midst of the selfish shadows
Let our spirits mount above;
The children of woe, we 'll befriend them,
Whoever the sufferers be,
We 'll seek for their faults but to mend them
With "stitchings" of charity.

Prof. Barker is yet on the morning side of fifty. He was born near the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, in Vermont. His father was Nathan B. Barker, of the real Puritan stock—fought in the war of 1812—while his father was a Green Mountain Boy, of revolutionary memory. It was in New Hampshire, whither his parents had removed, that Prof. Barker began his school life, and there he fitted for college, entering the school-room though, if we mistake not, instead of college halls. In 1845 he came to Western New York, and in this section has most of his subsequent life been spent, behind the teacher's desk, or in the editor's sanctum. For the past eight or ten years he has been fre-

quently engaged in conducting Teachers' Institutes under appointment by the State Superintendent.

As a teacher Prof. Barker has been uniformly successful, and in the profession of teaching he takes high rank. Few men have more friends among the teachers of the State than has he. The fact that he was elected President of the State Teachers' Association in 1868, testifies to his popularity. He has three times read the annual poem before this Association, with marked acceptance. One of these annual productions, entitled "Flats and Sharps," has been delivered by him on several other public occasions. He has often read poems before literary societies. In 1861 he appeared, as the poet, before certain societies of Hillsdale College, Mich., at their commencement gathering, and on commencement day the college gave him the degree of "A. M."

Prof. Barker took to writing very young, and when sixteen first enjoyed the sight of some of his verses in print. They were published in *The Farmers' Cabinet*, a paper printed at Amherst, N. H., in the office in which Horace Greeley learned his trade. Since then his poems have been very numerous, and have appeared in various newspapers and magazines, the Buffalo *Courier*, of late years, being his favorite medium of publication. He has contributed several poems to *The Rural Home*, one of which he has rarely excelled:

MORNING'S ADVENT.

Though long be the darkness, and dreary
The story the night winds may tell,—
O the shadows and mists from the mountains
The coming of morn will dispel!
We are nearing the beautiful morning,
That springs from the night of the years,
And the sunlight, so mellow and golden,
Will drink all the dew of our tears.

We grope in the midst of the shadows,
And look for the prints by the shore,
Of feet that have passed the "dark river,"
And shall walk in the darkness no more;
In the glow of the glimmering starlight,
We can travel the wearisome way,
And we know that the deeper the darkness,
The nearer the dawn of the day.

The whispers of spring will awaken
The dream of the redolent hours,
And the touch of the beautiful sunlight
Will open the tombs of the flowers;
We shall see from that summit of glory
The night and the clouds roll away;
And the billows that sweep the dark ocean,
Are bearing us on to the day!

Prof. Barker is a ready writer of prose, forcible, pointed, and terse. Doubtless the sanctum's discipline has helped him in this respect. He has done a great deal of editorial work. For six years he was one of the editors of the New York *Teacher*. Three years he as

sisted in editing *The Christian Freeman*, printed in Chicago. Supplementing his school duties he has generally furnished correspondence for one or more papers, use of the pen being his recreation. During the war he purchased an interest in the *Daily Journal and Courier*, and *Weekly Intelligencer*, at Lockport, and became co-editor thereof. After three years of active journalistic labor, in which he made the daily and weekly issues of those papers strongly felt on the Union side, fire came, destroying their office and all its contents, and ruining him financially. Incendiarism did it, as was supposed, prompted by distaste for his strong loyal utterances.

His accumulations gone, Prof. Barker resumed teaching—in Buffalo, if we mistake not, where he now resides,—and so the editorial profession lost a worthy member, and that of teaching won back one of its best. He has written much upon educational topics, and all that he writes is characterized by comprehensiveness of thought, liberality of ideas, and vigor of expression, joined to practical knowledge and native common sense.

Prof. Barker loves freedom, progression, truth, as does every man of poetic feeling. He is hopeful. One of his war pieces closed thus:

> Up through the battle and the storm
> The world is marching to the day
> When vile oppression's fiendish form
> Shall vanish in the strife away;

When light shall melt the frozen bars
That shut from day the human soul,
And, heard no more the strife of wars,
The Right shall hold supreme control;
But know by fire, severely tried,
The gold from dross is purified.

Every poet has sentimentalized over "what we might have been." In a poem bearing that title Prof. Barker thus expressed himself:

The ghost of every murdered hour,
Clad in its dread array,
Darts ever 'mid our fairest walks
To steal our joys away.

* * * * * *

O happy is the human soul
Amid this world of sin,
That never sees the dreary wrecks
Of what it might have been.

Prof. Barker is a useful man in community,—active, full of good words and works. He has long been a member of a Free Baptist Church, and a zealous servant in the Sunday School. We have room for but one more specimen of his verse,—on

PURPOSE.

Far back in the realm of the ages,
When the stars of the morning sung,
We are told, in the lore of the sages,

That this gray old earth was young;
That it sprang from the womb of chaos
At the feet of its God,
And the glowing depth of azure,
Was the shining path it trod.

That the night slept on the waters,
And the air was hushed and still,
That the morning never painted
The purple tinted hill;
That the sunny spring came never,
Or the autumn's golden prime,
But the cold and rayless winter
Was the pendulum of time.
O the gloom of that mystic darkness,
O the measure of those years,
When the depth of depths resounded
With the "music of the spheres!"

But through those dreary chambers,
There rang a mighty word,
The earth with life responded,
And the startled waters heard;
'T was the muttering of the earthquake,
And it plowed the earth and sky,
And over the dismal waters,
It piled the furrows high.

The mountain and the valley
Lay in their quiet sleep,
Till the sun lapped up the waters
From the hollows of the deep,
Till the wind breathed in its gladness
From off the swelling strand,

And scattered the generous showers
Athwart the thirsty land.

Then the seeds of new-born beauty
Seem scattered far and near,
And the spring grows soft and radiant,
And the summer flowers appear
The autumn, ripe and golden
Lies smiling on the plain,
And the hill-tops and the forests
Join in the glad refrain ;

And out of the realm of ages,
And over the shadows of night,
There springeth a new creation,
There blossoms a world of light;
And ever the spring hath music,
And ever the summer a bloom,
That laugh at the boast of winter,
And scatter a sweet perfume.

Then what if the spring time linger?
Or what if the night be long?
And what if the muttering earthquake,
Be the chorus of my song?
I know that the morning cometh,
I know there's a realm of bliss,
And a life of joy and beauty
Will blossom out of this.

"Then what if the spring-time linger?
Or what if the night be long?"

[*Page* 120.

M. A. KIDDER.

HOW many sympathetic souls there are! souls full of hope and good cheer for all their kind—souls with a strong faith in God, such as can sing amid sorrow, and see blessings through disguise of pain, and be glad whatever come. Ever since David chanted psalms in the night, humanity has had its sweet hymnal for twilight seasons, as well as for brighter times; and for every down-cast heart, in doubt and struggling, perplexed and questioning as to the end, discouraged and ready to faint, torn and bleeding, it may be, song has been fruitful of blessing. It is soothing as balm; it mollifies like an ointment. Men listen for it as for a promise, and are comforted with the hearing.

Among the bits of melody one oftenest hears by the way, is this entitled

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

Who first sang it? We asked the question over and over before it found answer. A long time we saw the poem in newspapers with no author's name attached. Later on it appeared credited to Charles Mackay; but some intuition told us Mr. Mackay was not entitled to such credit. Finally we came to know the facts about its authorship, and somewhat concerning its author.

The particular Waif of this chapter was written by Mrs. M. A. Kidder, whose name is often seen in Sunday School Singing Books. Where it first saw the light of print we can not say, or when it originally appeared. Mrs. Kidder is a lady quite well along in life, who supports herself through literary effort, mainly of the rhythmic order. Possessed of an extremely sympathetic nature, and a natural faith in Divine mercy and goodness, she writes such verses as these we have quoted, out of a full heart and abundant experience.

Born in Boston, Mass., and growing up to womanhood in Boston's literary atmosphere, she early took to writing for local periodicals, and continued thus writing, for the pure love of it, year after year. One of her earlier pieces we remember singing to a sad little melody, nearly a score of years ago, and the strains haunt us even now. It was an exhortation to mothers, and thus it ran:

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may

Mother! watch the little hands,
Picking berries by the way,

Making houses in the sands,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me the weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue—
Prattling eloquent and mild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 't is broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep, the young heart true
While extracting every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

Mrs. Skidder received the first money ever paid her for writing, of Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, and well known for almost half a century in periodical literature. That was thirty years ago. When war came, her husband, Ellis U. Kidder, entered the army of the Union, and died in defense of his country. Left with three children to care for, what had been largely a recreation became altogether earnest work, and during the

past decade she has written much for song books and the newspapers, well encouraged by editors in Boston and New York, and by the popularity of her productions. One child was drowned, and her family now numbers one son, of twenty-five years, and a fair daughter, also in her twenties.

One of Mrs. Kidder's songs, entitled "Victory at Last," was sung at Fort Sumter when they raised the old flag on its shattered walls. Of her numerous pieces, but a few are at our hand from which to select in making up this article, yet perhaps those we shall give of the few measure her style of thought, and the range of her poetic art, as well as any others might. She is practical rather than imaginative. In illustration of the fact, we give

BUYING CROWN JEWELS.

Plucking a thorn from the traveler's path,
Turning away a neighbor's wrath;
Stretching a hand toward the needy soul,
Pointing the way to the distant goal;
Lifting a fallen brother up,
Sweetening the draught in the bitter cup;
Planting sweet flowers on a lonely grave,
Seeking a single soul to save;
Sowing the seed 'gainst the Spring-tide rain,
Watching in love by the bed of pain;
Heeding the orphan's plaintive cry,
Wiping the tears from sorrow's eye;
Shunning to act the liar's part,

Loving the truth with a fervent heart,
Guarding from ill a friend's good name,
Burying deep the tale of shame;
Working to earn the bread we eat,
Climbing the hill with patient feet;
Dealing with men in an honest way,
Seeing Heaven's light in the darkest day;
Bidding the poor to the ample feast,
Treating with kindness the poor dumb beast;
Hoping for all things good and true,
Trusting to God in what we do
Earning true riches as on we go—
Buying crown jewels as pure as snow.

Quite different in versification, more forcible it may be, is this which questions

WHO MISSES HIM.

Gone! and who misses him?
Who, with heart swelling,
Softly and mournfully
Passes his dwelling?
Who 'mong them all
Felt the strong life-cord sever?
Who, of the throng
That is surging forever?

Gone! and who misses him?
Friends, perhaps neighbors,
Sigh at his funeral;
Speak of his labors;
Strew on his grave
A few blossoms of beauty;

Read his white headstone,
Then turn to their duty!

Gone! and who misses him
In the great city?
Who, from the beggar
That 'wakened his pity,
E'en to the many
That courted his favor,
Eating the salt
That has now lost its savor?

Gone! and who misses him?
Raise the latch lightly,
Enter the darkened room
Where he slept nightly.
There sits his weeping wife,
Sister and brother;
There are his little ones,
There kneels his mother!

Ask not who misses him—
Him who though lowly,
Owned the sweet treasure
That makes home so holy.
Grander than monuments,
Brighter than fame,
Are their rich offerings
Reared to his name.

Believing, as she once expressed it to us, that "every day something beautiful comes into our lives, if we would but sift it out from the every-day trials," Mrs.

Kidder is doing a sort of home-mission work in the hearts of mankind. There is great need. False ideas of what life is or ought to be are too common. They may give way to truth, coming on wings of song. May the truth come to each soul, and abide therein!

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

CHARLES DICKENS never wrote anything more exquisitely tender than the following, which, though generally appearing as a waif, has been very widely attributed to him :

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,

Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there 's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule:
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the Autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;

"There are idols of heart and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise." *Page* 130.

Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

Dickens wrote many beautiful things, in that poetical prose into which he so easily and so often dropped, but he could never have written this, any more than we could have penned "David Copperfield." Certain minds think in rhythm, as it were, by instinct; and one of these gave us "The Children," but it was not the mind of the great novelist. At times the prose of Dickens rose to a height that threatened to burst its duller channels into song: but he was notoriously without the faculty of versification; and excepting the song of "The Ivy Green" in "Pickwick" and some trifling rhymes in prose form in the "Cricket on the Hearth," he never turned a passably smooth stanza in his life. Poetic thought he had, of course, but no facility of rightly-poetic execution.

"The Children" was written by a partial namesake of the great story-teller—Charles M. Dickinson.

Some careless compositor may have been originally responsible for the mistaken credit, owing to the similarity of names, as Mr. Dickinson formerly wrote his without the "middle letter." When the sweet poem was penned—which was in the early summer of 1863—its author was a schoolmaster at Haverstraw, on the Hudson. He had to meet the almost universal dislike of scholars to writing compositions, and he chose a happy way of meeting it, by proposing to write something himself, to read on a Saturday afternoon, if they would do the same. The proposal made and accepted, the teacher's part on the programme must be filled, and hence we have "The Children," written after school was dismissed on Friday afternoon, and before it opened on the following morning. The verses were sent to a Boston paper for which Mr. Dickinson was then writing, and immediately won their way to popular favor, until it is now safe to say, there is scarcely a journal between the two oceans that has not republished them more than once in the twelve years of their existence. In the winter of 1863-4 the poem was published in the "School Girl's Garland," a compilation of poetry by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, and has since been copied into several other collections of verse.

This is the simple history of a poem so pathetically, tenderly beautiful that it has found a place in almost every household of the land, has been extensively copied

in Europe, and has won the heart of every true teacher, as it has the admiration of all readers, by its delicate appreciation of youthful possibilities, its close sympathy with childhood, its warm love for childish ways. Simple as the poem is, it holds a rare sum of sweet philosophy within it. Indeed, the mystery of part of Christ's teachings seems to clarify in these lines:

> Those truants from home and from heaven,
> They have made me more manly and mild,
> *And I know now how Jesus could liken*
> *The Kingdom of God to a child!*

Love of children is one of the purest elements in human nature, and it fairly glows in the whole poem. It is easy to see that the sympathetic teacher wrote it from the fullness of his heart,—wrote it, perhaps, in the school-room itself, whence childish forms had hardly vanished, where the ring of childish voices had hardly died away, and with every token of childish presence fresh and impressive.

About two miles from the lovely little village of Lowville, in Lewis County, N. Y., lifted a thousand feet above it, and overlooking a beauteous prospect, stands a brown old farm-house, in which, on the 15th of November, 1842, Charles M. Dickinson was born. The very surroundings were sufficient to beget a poet. Nothing could excel the view within ten rods of the old hearthstone. At one's feet nestles the village named; beyond it trends away the broad Black River Valley, the river

winding through it mile after mile, like a cord of silver, with every variety of landscape, field and forest; and further still, stretching up towards the eastern horizon as far as the eye can reach, sweeps the unbroken forest of John Brown's Tract, with the dim peaks of the Adirondacks, and the dimmer summits of the Green Mountains, standing like sentinels on the remotest border.

No wonder he took to rhyming at the early age of thirteen years. Nearly all his published poems were written in the three years preceding his departure from home in the spring of 1860. After leaving home he followed teaching a year or two, then gave himself to literary work as editor and correspondent, then read law with the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson in Binghamton, and was admitted to the bar in that city in November, 1865. In 1866 he commenced the practice of his profession and also founded and edited a newspaper, in Northern Pennsylvania, but returned to Binghamton in 1867, and since then has been diligently prosecuting his profession there and in the city of New York, where he now resides.

The natural inclination of Mr. Dickinson is not toward law, but literature, and we believe the bar will ere long lose one of its ornaments, while the literary world will claim as wholly its own one with taste and talent of a high order, who should give us many poetical brothers and sisters of "The Children" we love so well.

The following poem was written several years ago.

OF BESSIE.

Ye ling'ring birds that still rejoice
And sing of Edens whence ye came!
Ye would not sing a note for shame,
If ye had heard my Bessie's voice.

Ye stainless clouds whose purple grace
The sunset heightens, with its flush!
I wonder not that ye should blush,
Since ye have seen my Bessie's face.

Ye stars that tremble in the skies,
Half-peering through the lids of night,
I know by your bedazzled sight,
That ye have looked in Bessie's eyes.

You modest Moon that sails the blue,
No wonder that your face grows pale,
And hides behind its snowy veil,
When Bessie turns her face on you.

And all ye Heavens that o'er me roll,
Ye could not show so pure a dome,
If, in its frequent journeys Home,
Ye had not felt my Bessie's soul.

Very different in style and thought is this, penned more recently:

THE DRUMMER BOY.

In the battle-cloud's eclipse—
And a shower of shot and shell,
With his soul upon his lips,
Benny fell;
And they laid him stiff and cold,

'Neath the sod; yet why repine?
When he reached the gates of gold,
If he had the countersign,
All is well.

Hallowed is the path he trod,
And the little, nameless knoll;
Earth has claimed his form, but God
Claimed his soul!
Heaven's reveille at dawn,
Reached it through the battle's din,
When the last Relief came on,
He was mustered out—mustered in
Was his soul.

Pilgrim clouds in mourning deep,
As they journey through the skies,
Pause upon their way, to weep
Where he lies;
But the welcoming thunders roll,
And their flash from star to sod,
Paints the pathway of his soul,
To the camp-fires of his God,
In the skies.

Perhaps the finest poem Mr. Dickinson has yet produced is the following, entitled

HOW FAR FROM HEAVEN.

Dear Love of mine, through whom I know
The risen Christ still lives below,—
Repeats His miracles of old,—
Turns all the sunset into gold,—
And with its touch of light divine,

Turns all the river into wine,—
Breathes Heaven's harmonics through the notes
The birds drop from their velvet throats,—
Sets all the world a dreaming of
Her ancient Paradise of Love,
And brings the skies so near to view;—
How many miles from Heaven are you?

I know you 're near its boundary lines,
For as we stood beneath the pines,
    Your soul went upward in a prayer;
You raised to Heaven your pleading eyes,
And, lo! the gates of Paradise
    Stood open wide a moment there;
I caught a glimpse of wondrous things,—
A gleam of glory—flash of wings,—
    A sense of music filled the air
And nearer, nearer bent the skies,
Until a tender, nameless grace
Slowly transfigured all your face;
And God's own glory strange and rare,
Fell tangled in your shining hair.

Come closer, love, and tell me true,
How many miles from Heaven are you?
I know your sainted feet have pressed
The heavenly highways of the Blessed,
And every foot of sky and sod,
To the dear city of our God.
I know you hear the choirs that sing
In the fair palace of their King;
And by the holy thoughts that rise,
Like timid angels, in your eyes,—
Your pause to change with trembling tone,

Your native language to our own,—
By all the sweet, mysterious things
That make me look to see your wings,
I know a lovelier land than Earth,
Contains the record of your birth,
That you 're a Heavenly envoy here—
An angel clothed in fair disguise ;
You walk the world with weary feet,
That you may make yourself more dear
Than all the treasures 'neath the skies ;
Then, like the North Star's magnet sway,—
Loaned from its place, to wear by day,—
You lead the soul from sin and care,
O'er hills where Night and Morning meet,
Straight up to Heaven, unaware.
And as I follow, I behold
Glad glimpses of the gates of gold ;
And all my homesick soul forlorn,
Longs for the land where it was born.
No more Earth's magnet heart afar,
Draws to itself each living thing ;
The silver thread of every star
Becomes a Heavenly leading-string.
Far through the sky's celestial calm,
I see the Paradise of Palm
Through which the sunsets burn and blush
And winds repeat their Heavenly psalm,—
God's voice within the Burning Bush ;—
And just beyond, the golden wall
Where those we thought were in the grave,
Send happy looks to us, and wave
Their signs of welcome, over all.
Some sunshine from Eternal Day,

Falls here and there, about our way;
Some flowers in exile bloom to tell
The glorious gardens whence they fell;
And warm air currents flow by me,—
The Gulf Stream of the Ethereal Sea,—
And sometimes fan my Heavenward face
With a strange touch of added grace,
  Like angel's breath or sweep of wing;
And we 're so near our resting place,
  The very birds come out to sing,
To cheer us with their song and sight,
And then fly back again, at night.

I see the attending stars stoop down,
And follow nightly, with your crown;
I see the pearly cloud that brings
And hovers with your waiting wings;
And sometimes, in the waning light,
I tremble lest you fade from sight.
Oh, precious guide, I pray you, wait,
If first you reach the Heavenly gate;
For well I know, if I pass through,
'T will be that I 'm a part of you,
  And not for aught that I have done:
For, all my earthly self, the true,
The purest thoughts I ever knew,
My noblest aims since life began,
My hope, my faith in Christ and man,
And all the love my life has known,
Are all your own—are all your own.

DELLE W. NORTON.

ADAM and his wife may have been highly blessed, in their first enjoyment of Paradise, but they lacked one of life's sweetest blisses. They had no courting time. They married in haste, and their descendants have done the leisurely repenting. So far as we have any record, Miss Eve never waited tremulously of a Sabbath evening for her lover's coming; Adam never dressed himself carefully in his Sunday best and went forth lovingly to meet her. They missed one of the pleasures it were worth while being placed in a garden for.

But the blissful cou'ting experience has one drawback; there is a misery in it for every Miss Eve—people will talk! And tha' is how this bit of verse came to be written, entitled

DO NOT SLAM THE GATE.

O Harry! pray don't laugh at me!—
But when you go so late,
I wish you would be careful, dear,
And never slam the gate!

For Bessie listens every night,
And so does teasing Kate,
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you shut the gate!

'T was nearly ten last night, you know,
But now 't is very late
(We have discussed so many things);
O do not slam the gate!

For if the neighbors hear you, they
Will say our future fate
We have been talking over, so
You must not slam the gate!

I know 't will only be the truth,
But then, I wish they 'd wait
To canvass our affairs until——
Well—pray do n't slam the gate!

At least not now. But by-and-by,
When in "our" home, I wait
Your coming, I shall always like
To hear you slam the gate!

For whether you go out or in,
At early hour or late,
They will not care to tease me, then
About that horrid gate!

We have seen the whimsical waif repeatedly, in newspapers, as have thousands of other people, and have enjoyed its literal portraiture of feminine distress, as have they. It is the only waif of a humorous nature which we have introduced in this series, and we give it because it is truly a waif, its authorship being rarely recognised, and because the hand that wrote it has penned many beautiful poems that have been more or less widely copied.

It was written by Delle E. Whitney, of Lyons, N. Y., quite a number of years ago, and appeared first as set to melody, in sheet music form. Produced for the concert-room, something humorous having been asked of Miss Whitney for such use, it was often sung by a pretty well known singer at that time, and finding its way into *The Ladies' Repository* it went the rounds—is going yet. It is the first and last bit of humorous verse its author ever attempted, and is scarcely even regarded by her as humorous, inasmuch as it expressed the real feeling of a young lady living opposite the author's house, who had been regularly teased about "that horrid gate.'

A poem less frequently copied than this, yet often seen, and echoing a common experience so truly that it touches the popular heart, is this, originally published in *The Galaxy*

THE MISSING SHIP.

I watched for her from morn till night
The ship I launched upon a day
When seas were smooth and skies were bright,
And favoring winds blew o'er the bay!

I 'd freighted her with many a care,
With tears I 'd shed and sighs repressed,
And bade her take my ventures where
She could exchange them all for—rest.

She sailed across the harbor-bar,
And sunshine glimmered in her track

But morning's light or evening's star
Shines not upon her coming back!

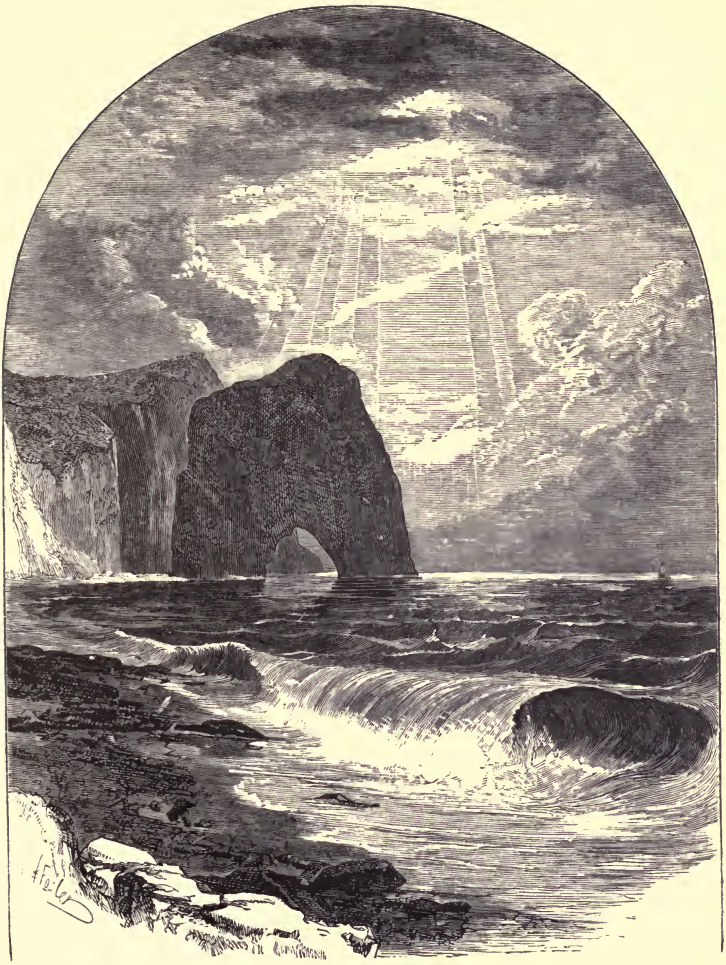
And where she is I cannot tell!
Her cargo was of such a sort
It may be she can neither sell
Nor barter it in any port.

And so she sails in fruitless quest
O'er seas reflecting alien skies,—
Yet sailing east or sailing west
Her pennant never homeward flies.

'T is possible the way she 's lost,
Or suffered shipwreck on some shore;
But whether she 's becalmed or tossed
By tempests, she returns no more!

Therefore I 'm looking out alway,
With eyes tear-blinded, o'er the sea;
In hope she will sail back some day
With rest for my poor heart and me.

Miss Whitney was born at Fort Edward, Saratoga county, N. Y., January 1st, 1840. Her girlhood was passed in the town of Moreau, but she attended school mainly in Fort Edward village, at the Academy. Brought up by her grandparents, the first fifteen years of her life were very little watched over. She lived much out of doors, and alone, and came to feel a near sympathy with nature when very young. She early manifested a fondness for books, and was allowed to give herself over almost entirely to reading, writing and dreaming,



"She sailed across the harbor-bar,
And sunshine glimmered in her track,—
But morning's light or evening's star
Shines not upon her coming back."

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which she enjoyed by turns. When fifteen, she became an invalid, and for a long time battled against disease, her only solace still being her pen and her books.

She commenced writing at an early age, and her first published article appeared in *The Cultivator*, Boston, in her twelfth year. It was entitled "Jerusalem." A shy, sensitive girl, the habit of seclusion and secrecy strong upon her, she shrunk from telling any one of her literary venture, and believing her initial recognition quite unknown in the little village. Greatly to her horror, however, when she went to the post-office for her paper, the clerk quietly ejaculated "Jerusalem!" as he passed it into her hand, and she knew the secret was out.

One of her earlier poems, first printed in *The Torch-light*, Xenia, O., in 1855, was accounted by the editor of that journal of much merit, judging from a foot-note appended by him, which said:—"To the one who can read this little gem without moist eyes and a trembling heart, there is no pathos in any possible form of language." It is as follows :

CALL ME NO LONGER THINE.

Call me no longer thine! The sunny bowers
Where we have roamed will never know me more!
For thou mayst visit them in future hours,
But my feet, standing on the Unseen Shore,
Shall walk no more with thine!

Turn from my brilliant eyes! They only give thee
Hopes that mislead, and falsely flatt'ring dreams.—

Their lambent light is flashing to deceive thee
With beautiful but transitory gleams,—
Call me no longer thine!

I shall not long be here! Death's icy finger
Will soon to parian white my forehead chill;—
To slow, sad rhythm my heart-beats strike and linger,
And at its touch its pulses will stand still,—
Call me no longer thine!

Upon my cheek a red, red rose is blooming,
Whose blush grows deeper as it nears decay,
And fires burn in my veins that are consuming
The vigor of my youthful life away!
Call me no longer thine!

O, dark will be the shadow resting o'er thee,
And thou wilt shrink from the world's cheerless tone,
For mem'ries of the past will flit before thee,
And mock thee with the pleasures thou hast known
In days when I was thine!

God comfort thee! for thou wilt be aweary
With thy vain longing for my smile and song;
And thou wouldst gladly leave the world, made dreary
Through losing me, to be where I am gone
And am no longer thine!

And may He help thee in the hour of anguish
When the blow falls,—and in the calm, so rife
With passionless despair, when thou wilt languish
Through the slow fever, that the world calls Life,
Because I am not thine!

Yet sink thou not, beloved! It is only
A little while ere to the vernal strand

Of heavenly shores thy barque shall come, and lonely
Thou shalt be nevermore, for in that land
I shall be always thine!

Three or four years after this first appeared, as we have stated, it was put forth as new, in a Philadelphia paper, the title only being changed, as was the last line of each verse, to "Call me no more thine own," and attributed to Olive F. Paine, of Orwell, Vt., who had very boldly appropriated it and deceived the editors. Later it went the rounds of the papers again, attributed to "a New Orleans lady, in view of an immediate departure to the better land," when W. T. Tinsley, editor of *The Lyons Republican*, wrote quite a long article stating when, where, and how it had originally been put forth.

Miss Whitney's verse is generally very correct, and has sometimes an unusual element of strength in it, as in this from *The Christian Union*, entitled

AT REST.

Has Death come to her at last?
Are her days of darkness past?
Is she gone?
Well, her life-work is all done.
Fold the white hands on her breast—
Let her rest!

We should shed some bitter tears,
Had she known no doubts, or fears,
And no pain;
But her thwarted life in vain

Strove its griefs to overleap
Why then weep?

In the thirty years scarce sped,
She was born and married. Dead.
Lies she, here,
And around her narrow bier
Ghosts in legions with us sit,
Watching it!

Ghosts of hopes too long deferred;
How she saw them die, no word,
And no moan,
From her lips (since she is done
Henceforth with each sob, and sigh,)
Will reply.

For she rests, you see! The balm
Of Death's solemn, voiceless calm,
Heals each wound;
And the place seems holy ground,
Where a soul so tired of strife
Enters Life!

Life immortal! Let us pray
God will give her leave, to-day,
To fill up
With the wine of Joy, the cup
Held inverted here by Fate,
In her hate!

She was very good and fair;
How could He let pain and care.
And deceit,

And base wrong, with rampant feet,
Trample her to death this way?
Tell me, pray !

God forgive me ! For at best,
Life 's a problem, and the test
That applies,
Not upon the surface lies !
All depends on what is gained—
Or attained !

Her life-problem, God, to-day,
Solves in His own righteous way.
She for bread
Of Love, lifted empty hands,—instead
He puts heaven in them ! 'T is best !
Let her rest.

Miss Whitney was married Jan. 1st, 1874, to H. B. Norton, of Rochester, in which city she now resides. She has had a varied experience, and it is not strange if somewhat of the pathos of actual living now and then thrills through what she writes. She has known rare joys, and peculiar sorrow; and yet, amid all the changes of the years, in a brave and unfaltering faith, she has kept on singing. She has taken up burthens cheerfully, and borne them as she might. She has believed, as it seems all might believe, if they would, that beyond the clouds of to-day there is ever a to-morrow of sunshine sweet and clear. This little Scotch ballad, contributed to *Scribner's*, is not more sad and pathetic than some chapters in her life history;

GANGIN AWA.

What is it that maks ye greet sae, Jeannie,
And spier me wi' leuks sae wild?
Ye shiver as though in my place a wraith
Looked mockingly out and smiled!

Have I grown sae ghaistly, and white as that?
Do ye ask what maks my eyes
Wear a leuk as o' one that 's beyond the world,
Though not yet up in the skies?

'T is because I 'm gangin awa, Jeannie,—
I 'm gangin slowly awa
To the narrow house that they tell us of
Where "there is nae room for twa!"

Nae smell o' the daisies will reach me there,
Nae note that the mavis sings,
Though he trill his sweetest or saddest songs,
Through all o' the coming springs!

Yet I am nae sorry to go, Jeannie,
The coolness and rest leuk sweet,
For my eyes are heavy wi' unshed tears,
My heart is too tired to beat!

'T is the auld, auld story ower again,—
A tale o' the common kind,—
How twa youthfu' hearts may be filled wi' love,
And foolish eyes may be blind

For blind we maun surely hae been, Jeannie,
And daft, all the world aboon,
To forget that I was a peasant girl,
And he was the great Laird's son

But I was sae hungry for love, Jeannie,
The world was sae bleak, and sae wide,
And I had nae father or mither to care,
Nae brother or sister to chide

Sae when into our twa young hearts, Jeannie,
Cam the king called Love, to reign,
We forgot a lady o' high degree
Waited him over the main!

A bride the old Laird had betrothed him to
When the twa were babes, I ween,
For she had a title, and gold, and lands,
But her face he had never seen!

Alas! and alas! for us baith, Jeannie,
That all through the simmer's bloom
We saw not her beautiful English hands
Were digging our love a tomb!

For as cruel as death that strikes out life,
Cam his father's stern decree,
He must bring his bride ere the autumn waned,
From that land across the sea!

Ah! God o' the desolate help us, Jean!
Wi' a face as white as snaw,
And eyes that were wild wi' t' lurid fire,
He kissed me and sailed awa!

And ever and ever since that sad hour
When the fatal message sped,
And the ship set sail for the English coast,
I ha'e wished that I were dead!

Dead! And shut out frae the glens in bloom,
The withered leaves in their fall,

And shut from the sight o' the ship that brings
That fair young bride to the hall!

Far better.—far better for him, and me,
Would it be if the brackens green
Grew tenderly over my head and heart,
And the gowans blossomed between!

And sae I am gangin awa, Jeannie,—
I 'm gangin slowly awa,
To the narrow house that they tell us of
Where "there is nae room for twa!"

Yet unto the rune o' the waves o' Death
My thoughts in one measure run,
"Forever and ever throughout the world
The will o' the Lord be done."

Several poets have accounted in their rhymes for the robin's crimson breast, but there is no more tender legend with regard to it than is found in these lines, written quite a long time ago, unique in the thought they embody, quaintly suggestive in the reflection with which they end.

TO THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

On fair Brittannia's isle, bright bird,
A legend strange is told of thee,—
'T is said thy blithesome song was hushed
While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary,
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind,
And humbled to the very dust

By the vile cross, while viler man
Mocked with a crown of thorns the Just.
Pierced by our sorrows, and weighed down
By our transgressions,—faint, and weak,
Crushed by an angry Judge's frown,
And agonies no words can speak,—
'T was then, dear bird, the legend says
That thou, from out His crown, didst tear
The thorns, to lighten the distress,
And ease the pain that He must bear,
While pendant from thy tiny beak
The gory points thy bosom pressed,
And crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood
The sober brownness of thy breast!
Since which proud hour for thee and thine,
As an especial sign of grace
God pours like sacramental wine
Red signs of favor o'er thy race!
The tale is touching. True or false
We know not, but we see a fire,
Blood-red, is burning o'er thy heart;—
And hear thy liquid notes aspire
To cleave the very heavens. So sing
Thy joyous song of praise, while we
Listen, and learn to trust in Him
Who cares for even such as thee!

We have already devoted considerable space to Mrs. Norton's productions; yet should hardly do her justice did we not reproduce in full, the finest poem, in many respects, we have yet seen from her pen, which was published in *The Galaxy* about three years ago:

MY KINGDOM.

Crown me a Queen,—ye who love me best,—
Crown me a Queen, though I stand
Unknown, in a realm where no subjects
Shout my fame over the land.
Bring me a scepter and purple robe,
Put the seal ring on my hand!

Where, do you ask, does my empire lie?
Are all its fortresses strong?
Have I no fear that marauders
May pillage its wealth before long?
No,—for my realm is intangible,—
Only a—kingdom of song!

The manifold gifts of the Universe
Minister unto my need,
Its Unities, and its Diversities,
Up to the Beautiful lead,
Till my soul, filled with the harmony,
Sings like Pan's musical reed!

It sings with a passionate fervor,
A wonderful rhythm and stress,
It sings till the strength, and the sweetness,
Make my heart faint with excess;
But the beautiful strains *die unwritten*,—
No language *their* soul can express!

Can I put any music on canvas?
Or paint the perfume of the rose
Can I bring you the mists from the mountain
Or show how the violet blows
Can I give back in all of their whiteness
The crystals of last winter's snows?

Neither can I, with utmost endeavor,
Unspeakable sweetnesses fling
Into limited human expression,
Else infinite music would ring
Its very soul out, in the simplest
Or saddest of songs that I sing!

But I shall be taught what to carol;--
Invisible spirits of air
Will paint flowers for my inspiration,
And teach the young birds when and where
To warble the songs I may copy
Because neither studied nor rare,

The sprite of the wind harps shall order
The south and the west wind to play
A symphony, matching the music
Composed by the sweet water fay,
While bees, birds and brooks shall be rivals
In teaching me what I must say!

The classical Thespis shall tell me
How tragical numbers find tongue,
And Thebes flings her widest gates open
To give me what Pindar has sung;
While the glorious Queen of Song—Sappho,
Sings, throned the monarchs among!

Anacreon's notes from Ionia
Ring, mellowed with time, from the lyre,—
I hear the grand strains of blind Homer,—
Feel Petrarch's invincible fire;
While on floods of song, ancient and modern,
My soul rises higher and higher!

And so, though no brazen-mouthed trump
May herald my fame through the land,
Still an heir to the purple and ermine,
Sceptered, and crowned, I shall stand
A Queen in my own little province,
With Peace at my royal right hand

FRANCIS M. FINCH.

IT is not strange, perhaps, that our great Civil War called forth few poetical expressions which survived it. Indeed, it called forth very few that made themselves widely felt, even while the conflict waged. And when peace came—that glad time which people should most gladly sing—hardly a verse gave rhythmic greeting to which the popular heart made response. No sympathetic muse rose to the occasion. The poetry of Peace was dumb so far as any universal or representative utterance was concerned; or it spoke only in the hearts and through the hand-clasp of those whom war had long separated, met again in the joy of a great duty grandly done. Presently it breathed out—and so sweetly that the world almost wept—in the blossoms on their graves for whom peace had but benedictions.

In the summer of 1867, two years or more after the smoke of battle had cleared away, this little news paragraph appeared in a metropolitan journal:

> The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers.

Through the deed which these few lines recounted, the real poetry of Peace spoke, at last. We all heard it, and yet only one man of us all tenderly spelled out its syllables so that each should understand. When he had done it, this is how it ran :

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver.
Asleep are the ranks of the dead :—
Under the sod and the dew ;
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the g oom of defeat ;
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;—
Under the sod and the dew ;
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—
Under the sod and the dew ;
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew:
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years, now fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

How clear the meaning seemed! It found an echo all over our broad land. Crystallized in print, first in *The Atlantic Monthly* for September of the year named, this syllabled utterance was wafted on the white wings of the newspaper from one end of the country to the other. With the blossoms of every recurring May since then it has re-echoed itself, growing sweeter and sweeter year by year, its sympathy, and loving charity widening more and more until the strife is but a memory, and

> "Dying, the sadness of funeral dirges,
> Fading the musketry's roar;
> Conflict's deep ocean in murmuring surges
> Kisses the Present's still shore!"

This man through whom the poetry of Peace spoke so beautifully, was not widely known as Poesy's chosen medium of expression. He had rarely written for public perusal. His name was in no wise familiar to newspaper readers. Hundreds who had courted the muse for years and yet had never won so worthy recognition therefrom, had a wider reputation than had he.

"The Blue and the Gray" was penned by F. M. Finch, Esq., of Ithaca, N. Y.—a gentleman of fine mind and careful culture, recognized by all who know him as the possessor of rare literary gifts, but modest and retiring in the extreme.

Francis Miles Finch was born in Ithaca, about the year 1828. His father was then a merchant in the village

named, but now lives in Aurora. Mr. Finch's early education was obtained at the Lancastarian School, in Ithaca, and at the Ithaca Academy. Having entered the sophomore class of Yale College, he graduated with honor in 1845. After graduating he studied law with Marcus C. Riggs and Judge Walbridge; commenced practice with the latter, after admission to the bar; and continued in that business relation until Walbridge became County Judge. The firm of Boardman & Finch was then organized, and had a large practice until its disolution, when its senior member was made Judge of the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Finch's reputation as a lawyer is excellent, and as an orator he is held in high esteem "in his own country," where he permits his voice sometimes to be heard. A memorial address delivered at the dedication of a monumental tablet in the Presbyterian church at Aurora, on Cayuga Lake, was full of beauty and eloquence. Upon the tablet was engraved the names of thirty-seven Union soldiers, who went from the town of Ledyard, Cayuga county, and in these words he recognized their love and memories of home:

> This is the place: in their own town, from which these soldiers marched to the great war; whose hills and valleys and nestling cottages, whose kind home faces, and dumb farm pets, and cool grays of the dawn, and rich reds of the sundown, they carried with them in their hearts; carried with them to the dark and murderous swamps of the Peninsula and longed for their own dry

and blooming uplands ; carried with them to the blistering fields of the Carolinas, and wished for the cool brow of their Aurora ridges; carried with them to the turbid and muddy waters that stained and mottled the Mississippi wharves, and pined for the clear blue and pure green of their own dainty diamond of a lake. Poor boys! No man knows how frequent and how bitter were their longings !

To write such a poem as "The Blue and the Gray," an intense sympathy with the class it memorializes was prerequisite. The poem itself was hastily penned, and apparently the outcome of a sudden inspiration, but it was really the fruit of years of sympathetic silence. Unless one had felt the thrill of unshed tears over the shedding of Northern and Southern blood, he could not have written what has so often caused the tears to flow. In the memorial address from which we have quoted, Mr. Finch's sympathy is from first to last manifest, and we make this extract, as showing how it crystallizes into words, and how really poetical is even Mr. F's prose

Here for the last time, as we halt these soldier shadows upon the verge of the unseen world, at the very parting of the veil, can we see them form in line to receive our sad salute, and then disappear into the misty tents of eternity. Halt!—Soldiers of the Union ! those for whom you fought salute you : those for whom you died salute you : a freed and enfranchised race salute you : Liberty, with the stain washed from her brow, salutes you : a flag, untorn. undimmed, salutes you ; a nation, grateful, thankful, sad salutes you ! Soldiers, adieu ! To the rest of the spirit land, to the presence of your God—March ! I see them touch their caps and fall into shadowy line, and one by one disappear. Do they

ever return to us? Do they march and countermarch about us in the sleep of the midnight? Do they sit around the watchfires which the moonlight makes in the rifts of the forest, and talk of their ended battles? Do they stand on guard beside us? Do they sentinel our homes? Are they hovering near us to-day? Vainly we ask. Only the dreaming poet, with sad eyes far-reaching; and the inspired artist, with brush dipped in the colors of a rapt reverie, can answer for us.

Do you remember the "Watch on the Potomac," drawn by the marvelous pencil of one whose genius fills the world with laughter, but sometimes touches the inmost soul of sympathy? The moon was just risen above the river, solemn and white; like snow its radiance drifts across the shadowy water, and touches the shore where sleep at Arlington so many of the war's countless dead. Ghost-like and dim, among the shadows of the cemetery, and the head-stones of the graves, paces a soldier sentinel. The moonlight touches the barrel of his musket and lights it into silver; touches his tangled beard, and makes it white with watching; touches the letters on his belt, and makes them flash like steel: but all else is dark and shadowy; and there, all the night, till the grey dawn breaks, alone among the silent graves, the spirit sentinel walks. Let us believe it, my friends. Let us believe that not an impassable gulf, but a river, bridged lies between us and the better land: that those who have gone before us do yet remember their earthly pilgrimage, and their earthly friends; that the spirits of the just *do* hover about us, and know, with the master knowledge of Heaven, all that we say and do: and so believing, let us feel that this memorial becomes precious, that, perhaps, those watch it whom we never hear or see; and, at all events, that Supreme Love, which counts and guards the very sparrows as they fly, and looks with pleasure on the least unselfish act, beholds our work, and accepts the deed.

The address concluded with some tender reflections upon the days of Peace, and they are so in harmony with the spirit of our waif that we may be pardoned for yet another extract :

Once in the recent summer, wandering deep into the silence of the northern wilderness, I came upon a channel, the tortuous link between the waters of two peaceful lakes. The channel banks were lined with a wealth of wild roses, training their warm coloring for many miles, while its surface was covered with white waxen lilies, whose snowy cups sat lightly on the water, and were made more purely white by the red rose framework of their setting. And so the days of peace seemed whiter for the long, red years of war : seemed worthier for their weary and terrible cost. Let not their enjoyment make us forgetful or ungrateful. Let every soldier's grave be sacred, and grow beautiful under the June blossoms strewn by loving hands. Let every soldier's name be rescued from oblivion, saved upon monument or tablet for the respect and love of after ages. Let this memorial last as long as the walls which uphold it ; as the ceaseless voice of the waves that sing to it their lulling song in the calm, and shout their war-cry in the storm. And let there be forever blended with it, as over some shadowy landscape the skillful artist flashes a light from an unseen orb, the memory of him whose hand has silently thrown a light across the darkness of almost forgotten graves, and carved these soldiers' names in letters that will not fade. And may this memorial prove, like that costlier one, raised by a nation's gratitude at Gettysburg, for every soldier whose name it bears the lasting preserver of his fame !

When the leaves were sere and crimson,
And crisp the morning air,
And wound the breath of Autumn

Through the forest's golden hair,
On a field of death and silence.
Where the battle storm had blown,
Came a nation, clad in mourning,
With a monumental stone.

All around them lay the dead
Underneath the flowers asleep,
All above them smiled the sky
Gilding warm the rocky steep,
And with words of shining glory
From a golden lip and tongue
They made the mountain sacred
Where the battle bugles rung.
While the prayer is floating upwards,
Sits apart an angel form,
With a scroll like misty fleece clouds
That follow up the storm,
And she writes with diamond pencil
Each buried soldier's name;
And the angel form is *Justice*,
And the angel pen is Fame!

Mr. Finch wrote a few college songs, while at Yale, and on several occasions since, while gathered with his fellow alumni, has delivered poems there. With these exceptions he has produced little rhyme, so far as we are aware. The following lyric, in striking contrast to that already quoted, as to spirit and style, has been printed often, and shows how effectively Mr. Finch can treat other than pathetic themes:

THE STORM KING.

I am Storm—the King!
I live in a forest of fire and cloud,
You may hear my batteries sharp and loud
In the summer night,
When I and my warriors arm for the fight;
And the willows moan,
And the cedars groan,
And they bend beneath the terrible spring
Of Storm, the King!

I am Storm—the King!
My troops are the wind, and the hail, and the rain;
My foes are the woods and the feathery grain;
The mail-clad oak
That gnarls his front to my charge and stroke;
The ships on the sea,
The blooms on the lea,—
And they writhe and break as the war-cries ring
Of Storm, the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dykes,
And a deadlier foe than the burgher pikes;
To the wall I bore
The "Ark of Delft" from the ocean's shore,
O'er vale and mead,
With war-like speed,
Till Spaniards fled from the deluge ring
Of Storm, the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I saw an armada set sail from Spain,
To sprinkle with blood a maiden's reign;

"And tore each deck
To shreds and a wreck,"

I met the host
With shattering blows on the island coas
And tore each deck
To shreds and a wreck;
And the Saxon poets the praises sing
Of Storm, the King!

I am Storm—the King!
My marshals are four—the swart simoon,
Sirocco, tornado, and swift typhoon;
My realm is the world,
Wherever a pennon is waved or furled;
My stern command
Sweeps sea and land;
And none unharmed a scoff may fling
At Storm, the King!

I am Storm—the King!
I scour the earth, the sea, the air,
And drag the trees by their emerald hair
A chase for game;
With a leap and a scream, the prairies flame,
The commerce ark
And the pirate bark;
And none may escape the terrible spring
Of Storm, the King!

As a newspaper poet, in the sense of having been widely read and universally appreciated, Mr. Finch stands among the few. It is the public's loss that he so persistently hides his poetic light, as it was the public's gain when he yielded once to a better impulse, and gave us "The Blue and the Gray."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE whole story of a faithful, long-loving wedded life is contained in the following waif, which in point of exquisite tenderness, of pathos the more pathetic for its complete simplicity, is rarely equalled. There is even more in it than the story: it has all the homely grace of a picture, which one sees while he reads:

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They 're all home long ago;"
And I sing with my quivering treble
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows:
My boys that I gave to freedom,—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, true and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave!

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

It were very easy to paint the picture, after reading the poem. There stands the cottage by the roadside, whence so much of light and love have fled; the wistful face of the mother looks out of the open doorway upon the children trooping past; and through the window you catch a glimpse of the bent form, the wrinkled cheeks and whitening hair of the dozing old man, to whom life's twilight has indeed come, whose waking thought, as in days gone by, is still one of parental care and affection. Two lonely waiters! each in a certain way waiting for the sound of voices heard here no longer, for the tramp of little feet sounding only in memory—waiting for all the dear home joys so rudely broken, so sadly missed, for the som-

forts of an old age longing to be comforted, and the ripening blessings which the years should surely bring. Two lonely waiters!—is there not such a pair by many a hearthstone? except, mayhap, that neither

> —"is only back with the children
> In the dear and peaceful years,"

and both are waiting in the same patient way to greet the absent when God's good time comes.

"Are the Children at Home?" was written in the summer of 1867, on a pleasant verandah in Norfolk, Va., overlooking the blue Elizabeth River. It was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for November of the same year, was promptly caught up by the Press, and republished everywhere, and during these years since has been read as often, perhaps, as any poem in the language. It has been frequently recited in public by the Vandenhoffs; and we have heard other readers give it with admirable effect. There was nothing noteworthy in the circumstances of its composition. It was an inspiration, suggested by no incident—one of those fruitful fancies with which heaven blesses some people, that thereby others may be blessed. The author is Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, now a resident of Williamsburg, New York, and long time a contributor to some of the best periodicals.

Mrs. Sangster has written more or less for publication since her fourteenth year. At that early age she took a prize for an Essay on Temperance, over about five hun-

dred competitors, the prize offered being a small collection of standard authors, and the essayists such pupils, male and female, of the various public and private schools in New York and Brooklyn as chose to compete. She was then a member of Williamsburg Collegiate Institute a French and English school of considerable reputation, and will be pleasantly remembered by many who studied there. Mrs. Sangster's contributions have been to religious papers, in the main—Presbyterian and Reformed Dutch—and to Sunday School literature. Her warm heart has always gone out most lovingly towards the children, and they have much to thank her for. Several years ago the Boston Tract Society issued a collection of her sketches and short articles, under the title of "Heaven and Home." All of Mrs. Sangster's earlier writing was over her maiden initials—M. E. M.—behind which she now occasionally veils herself. She is not a very prolific writer, partly, perhaps, because writing is with her a matter of mood; partly because the duties of wife and mother make so continual demands upon her time, and she is compelled to pursue her literary work in what Marion Harland calls "the betweens"—yet she has written much, both in prose and verse, and has the happy knack of always writing well. That she puts more heart into what she does than do many, is one secret of her growing popularity, due, doubtless, to constitutional temperament.

Mrs. Sangster is a native of New York State, and has lived in it all her life save a few years in Virginia, and one

twelve-month during the war, in Maryland. Few ladies in the State have as much of the real poetic feeling, and none more beautifully, more touchingly express that feeling than does she. Nothing further were needed to prove this statement than the poem already given. In producing other of her verse, we quote first a poem which originally appeared in *The Christian Union:*

A VESPER SONG.

The clouds of the sunset, fold on fold,
Are purple, and tawny, and edged with gold.

Soft as the silence after a hymn,
Is the hush that falls, as the light grows dim.

And the phantom feet of the shadows glide
To the maple tops and the river's tide.

Not even the thought of a sound is heard,
Till the dusk is thrilled by a hidden bird

That suddenly sings—as the light grows dim—
Its wonderful passionate vesper hymn.

Sweet as the voice of an angel's call,
Sent to me from the jasper wall,

Is the music poured from that tiny throat,
A message of comfort in every note.

I know not where in the leafy tree,
The dear little warbler's home may be;

Nor care I to find, by a thoughtful quest,
Its cunningly woven castled nest.

"Soft as the silence after a hymn
Is the hush that falls as the night grows dim."

Page 174.

The singer was less to my heart to-night,
Than the song he dropped through the parting light.

Its overflow of a joy intense,
Came unto me, like a recompense

For the undertone of an aching care,
That was near to making my soul despair.

There are, in this world where God is King
Some that have nothing to do—but sing!

Some that are all too blithe to keep
Pent in, the voice of their rapture deep.

Though it may be low under waves of pain,
They found the pearl of their purest strain.

And we who listen, have nought to say
Concerning their Master's rule and way.

Only this,—it was surely best,
Since it taught them strains so full of rest.

And this, that never a folded wing
Should cover a heart that was meant to sing,

And show the path to a lighted Ark,
Perhaps, to some one lost in the dark.

The *home* impulse, shines through nearly all that Mrs. Sangster pens. You see it and feel it in the waif we have given, and it is not less recognizable in this Scotch disguise, which found place first in *Harper's Bazar*, for which excellent journal Mrs. S. writes much, and has been repeatedly seen elsewhere:

THE WELCOME.

Anither bairn cam hame,
Hame to mither an' me!
It was yestre'en in the gloamin',
When scarce was light to see
The wee bit face o' the darlin',
Its greetin' cry was heard,
An' our crowded nestie made a place
To haud anither bird.

Sax little bonnie mouths,
Ah me! tak muckle to fill,
But to grudge the bit to the seventh,
For mither an' me were ill;
Sae nestle up closer, dearie,
Lie saft on the snawy breist,
Where fast life's fountain floweth,
When thy twa warm lips are preist.

The rich mon counteth his treasures,
By the shinin' gowd in 's hand,
By 's ships that sail on the sea,
By 's harvests that whiten the land;
The puir mon counteth his blessings
By the ring o' voices sweet,
By the hope that glints in bairnies' een,
By the sound o' bairnies' feet.

An' it 's welcome hame my darlin',
Hame to mither an' me
An' it 's never may ye fin' less o' love
Than the love ye brought wi' ye!
Cauld 's the blast o' the wild wind,
An' rough the world may be,

But warm 's the hame o' the wee one,
In the hearts o' mither an' me!

This same home thought, but with an application all may make their own, is apparent in the following, also from *The Bazar*, which has wandered far as a waif:

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'T were a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn!

Mrs. Sangster knows the true pathos of life—as so many sweet singers do—but despite this, she has gone on as bravely as a brave woman could, with her chief trust in divine help, her chief comfort in divine hope. If sometimes the clouds were dark about her, she has found them growing brighter as looked at in imagination from

THE HEAVEN SIDE.

The sky was soft with tender blue,
As Heaven itself was shining through,
And far above our restless world
Its bannered peace was wide unfurled.

The distant mountains' purple line
Was bathed in splendor all divine,
And seemed the valley's cup to brim
With waves of beauty to the rim.

The very wind was soft and sweet,
That rocked the grass blades at our feet,
And gently did the zephyrs blow
Across the buckwheat's billowy snow;

When lo! a change. The tranquil sky
Grew dark. Black clouds come drifting by;
Like battled hosts in war's array,
Their vengeful ranks assault the day!

And grim and sullen, fold on fold,
They hide the summer's shining gold,
Till wood, and field, and wayside path
Are menaced in their stormy wrath.

Still o'er them soft the tender blue,
With Heaven's brightness gleaming through,

Was steadfast, radiant, undismayed,
Too lifted up to be afraid.

And while we shivered in the gray
Thick falling gloom that wrapped the day,
Lo! touched by spears of sunny light,
The clouds are edged with sparkling white.

And, looked on from the Heaven side,
They surely must be glorified,
And where God sees them floating fair,
Seem isles of peace in upper air.

For a year or two, Mrs. S. was employed as Associate Editor of *Hearth & Home*, and in that capacity she wrote much in the way of miscellaneous matter—stories, essays, and the like. Several of her poems, contributed to that journal, were generally copied, notably this:

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall.
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or know of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all their leaves away?

Perhaps beside the water
The willow bends, serene
As when her young leaves glistened
In a mist of golden green;

But the brave old oak is flushing
To a wine-red dark and deep,
And maple and elm are blushing
The blush of a child asleep.

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of gladness
Until we pass away.
No eyes shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down,
We 'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
And trees of the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day,
And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together,
May come through the ripening frost.

The following, contributed to *The Bazar*, has become a seasonable tit-bit for editors, and is given place in their columns almost every recurring spring:

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They 'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care,
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair;
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb—
Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother-bird, you 'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And your mate will fear for willful ways
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they 'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple-blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

A hint of Mrs. Sangster's religious feeling may be found in the first two poems reproduced. In this, written for *The Independent*, there is exquisite tenderness of longing, blent with most beautiful recognition of need:

WAYFARERS.

The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But oh! my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling—
So tired, the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us, shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We 've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn;
And on we go, with empty hands
And garments soiled and worn.
But oh! the dear All-Father
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers and whiter robes
There wait for us at home!

Art cold, my love, and famished?
Art faint and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joyous as at first;
For oh! the sun sets never
Within that land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep;
But oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set
We two are going home.

That is indeed a blessed wayfaring, which sees only the glorious goal ahead. Yet often between the want and the wealth, between the hope and the realization, there are inevitable weariness and pain, unavoidable grief and care; and mindful of these, as every conscious soul must be, we find comfort in philosophy like this:

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest fields shall I cease to glean
Since the summer bloom has sped?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-day sheen
Since the dew of the morn hath fled?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand
Nay, ghosts of the weary past,
Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand,
You may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine,
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King Divine.

And whatever the shades from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love,

And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

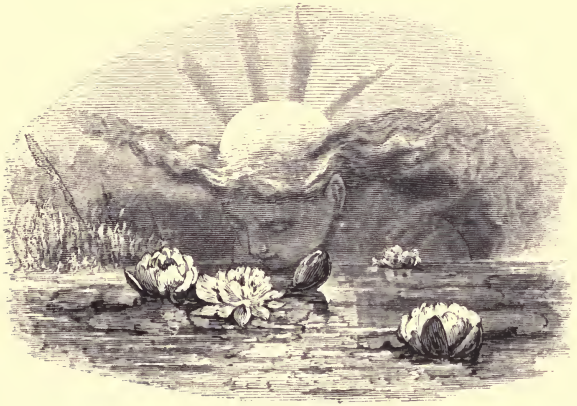
When Alice Cary died, Mrs. Sangster mourned her as only one sweet singer can really mourn another, and sang this tender requiem in *The Independent :*

ALICE CARY.

Ah ! Spring will bring us back the birds
And we shall hear their singing,
From flickering shade of leaf and bough,
Its wildwood sweetness flinging !
And warp of sun and woof of rain
Shall cross the flying hours,
Till dimpling vale and climbing hill
Are broidered fair with flowers !

But ever through the April mists,
And through the Maytime splendor,
We 'll miss the music of her voice,
So passion-thrilled and tender.
We 'll weary when the days are long,
And o'er our life-task linger,
And by how much we miss the song
Our hearts shall mourn the singer !

The saintly patience of thy life,
O lovely one departed !
Hath cheered the fainting in the strife,
Hath helped the heavy-hearted ;
Thy words went forth like carrier doves,
On swift white wings of blessing,
All fearless to rebuke the wrong,
All loyal faith confessing.



SPRING. *Page* 184.

In solemn shadow of the pines,
Where prairie winds are sweeping,
It shall be said of thee to-day,
"She is not dead, but sleeping!"
The while that tears are falling fast,
The light of heaven breaking
Across the memory of thy past
Shall prophesy thy waking.

O, love! our homes are reft in thee
By every tender token!
A household word, thy gentle name
Where households meet, is spoken;
And when our Father gathers all
His children dear together,
We 'll bless thee, when we meet at home,
For thou hast helped us hither!

When Margaret E. Sangster dies the world will mourn a singer not less sweet and cheer-giving than Miss Cary, and if the time comes not too soon, not less known. May Heaven hold the day far distant; and meanwhile may we be often touched to deeper tenderness and purer life by the songs she shall sing!

SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

THE amateur poet belongs to no class. He, or she, may be almost anything else, *plus* a poet. Poetry is in the man, or in the woman, and is not necessarily part of an individual's calling. Happy indeed are they, however, who find somewhat of poetic grace in all their work, and who catch some poetic impulse from the dullest duty they perform. These are the true poets, whom God has royally endowed; they are rich in their divine gift of joy, albeit toilers among the poor.

This volume justifies our declaration concerning amateur poets. It treats among others of a professional concert singer, a political editor, a public lecturer, a financial officer of the Government, a country journalist, a merchant's clerk, a school teacher and a lawyer; as also of a young girl but lately out of school, a young wife with wedded happiness just begun, a widow mourning her lost companion, a young mother rejoicing over her babes, another ever remembering those she has lost, a gray-haired matron proud of her grown up youth. These, with others, prove that poetic feeling will exist in any walk of life, and that poetic expression is heard amid most diverse surroundings and under conditions the most unlike

We are now about to speak of one whose divine sense breathes out amid the exacting calls of medical practice, who weds the gift of healing to the gift of song,—Dr. S. T. Clark, of Lockport, N. Y. He has written much—more than almost any other Newspaper Poet we have—and his productions have appeared in some of our best periodicals. A delicate spring time fancy, published first in *The Aldine* when under editorship of R. H. Stoddard, has been many times reprinted. It is entitled

COMING AND GOING.

Winds, to-day, from yonder lilacs, blowing through my open door,
Bore their fragrance to a baby who had never breathed before.

But the dear old man who knew them, just as fresh and purple then,
Seventy years ago, as now, will never, never breathe again!

One was going up to heaven as the other came to earth;
And the mortals and immortals each made record of a birth;

As two souls upon the boundary which divides that world from this,
Met and parted, in the melting of a first and last fond kiss!

With a weary wail of welcome saw the little child the day!
With a song of praise triumphant passed the patriarch away!

All the same—the cradled cherub or the pulseless, coffined clod—
Life and death alike are angels and the messengers of God

It gives a clue to Dr. Clark's mental characteristics, as also to his temperament. He is thoughtful, earnest, religious. Suggestions are very fruitful with him; he catches them on the wing, and turns them quickly to his behoof. He is tender of sentiment, lavish of sympathy, rich in reflection, overflowing with love.

Simeon Tucker Clark was born in Canton, Norfolk county, Mass., October 10th, 1836, his father being Rev. Nathan Sears Clark, a Methodist clergyman. His mother, formerly Laura S. Swift, composed with great facility in verse, often writing acrostics, elegies, rhymed epistles, and sometimes contributing to *The Boston Olive Branch*, and the *True Odd Fellow*. Her son, as he once assured us, began to rhyme before he could write, and has never stopped.

He betrayed the true literary bent, in early boyhood. One of his teachers says of him :—"I knew him as a school-boy, a child of the true poetic organization, gentle and brave, but morbidly sensitive to praise or reproof. To a girlish admiration of flowers was added a naturalist's knowledge of them ; in fact, at the early age of sixteen all the delights of natural science were open to him. At this time I remember of remarking to another of his teachers that although my life had been spent in the society of children of culture, I had never, nor have I ever, seen a youth whose reading had been so extensive or so critical." His school compositions were usually in verse,

the same authority informs us; and to this fact, as also to a fine musical ear, well cultured, we must attribute the uncommon perfection of his rhythm now. Indeed, his earliest published efforts were marked by peculiar sweetness of melody. Mere melodiousness does not make poetry, but poetry without music in it is like a half-life without its complement. Upon its own wings of song should poetry fly, and flying thus, it will fly far,—from heart to heart, from home to home, from clime to clime. The music of a thought has often won it immortality. Not many regrets have found expression in such sweet grace of rhythm and rhyme as is manifest in this, written several years ago, and of frequent appearance as a waif:

GERALDINE.

Has any one seen
My lost Geraldine?
My beautiful, dutiful, dear Geraldine!
Has she been this way
In the course of the day?
Tell me truly, ye swains.

You would know Geraldine,
My idolized queen,
By the glimmering, shimmering, silvery sheen
Of her curling hair
As it floats on the air
In the glamouring light

I sought Geraldine
In the meadows green,
Where the rarest, the fairest of flowers were seen:

But a stranger was there,
Surpassingly fair,
That filled me with woe.

For never before
On mountain or moor,
Such a heavenly-hued, pearl-bedewed flower I am sure
Ever raised its fair form
To the sunshine or storm;
But it could not be mine.

For a wild honey bee
From over the sea,
Thence coming, loud humming, unmindful of me,
For his holiday treat
Sipped the nectaral sweet
That should have been mine.

Then an oriole came
With its bosom of flame,
And so dearly, sincerely, it warbled her name—
I gladly had pressed
The bright bird to my breast,
When it flew from my sight.

I have sought Geraldine
In all places, I ween—
In the night, where the white marble monuments gleam
'Neath the yew's solemn shade,
To tell where is laid
A handful of dust!

And I found not my bride,
But a grave for my pride,
For each mound that I found had a mound by its side;
And if I were to die

I could not even lie
By my Geraldine's side.

Alas! none have seen
This lost Geraldine—
Unreal, ideal, serene Geraldine!
Long, long is the day
Ere she passes this way!
Farewell to ye swains!

Choosing the profession of medicine, and duly awarded the degree of M. D. by Berkshire Medical College in 1860, supplemented by the honorarium of A. M. from Genesee College since, Dr. Clark gave himself up to it with all that zeal and enthusiasm so striking in his nature, and is now one of the leading physicians in the City of Locks. With him, poetry has been no sentimental diversion from daily duties. It has been but a constant pleasure, we may say, in the very midst of duty. It has helped to keep his heart warm and his soul sensitive; it has taught him what it is ever ready to teach those in communion with it—the sweetness and charm of life, the hidden meaning of life's varied forms, the silent speech of marble statue and of silver wave. Hence,

PERDITA.

Her fair young arms embrace the cross
On which the Prince of Glory died:
The star of faith beams on her brow,
The anchor—Hope—is by her side;
Her parting lips are moved in prayer,
Her falling tears are not of woe,

For in communion with her Lord,
She finds her heaven begun below.

Oh! better never earthly love
Had robbed the cross of such a saint;
That faith should dim and hope decline,
Or prayer be changed to sad complaint.
Her arms embrace—but not the cross;
Her lips are ripe—but not with prayer;
She holds communion with her Lord—
But Love is lord and master there!

How still and cold the marble lies!
What sculptor wrought that statue grand,
So beautiful, so like divine?
No workman of unskillful hand;
In every clime, his art was learned;
And all the world has owned his fame;
For God Himself his master was,
And Death the grand old master's name.

This was originally contributed to *Appleton's Journal*, and is admirable, in its way. It has been frequently copied. Better even than this, however, is the following apostrophe, which originally appeared in *Godey's Magazine*, addressed

TO THE VENUS OF MILO.

It matters not whose skill thy form created,
What hours he sat beside thy tomb alone;
Or how he watched and wept, or wrought and waited,
As grain by grain he rolled away the stone,
Until, at last, in glorious resurrection

His dead dream rose, transformed, no more to die,
Anointed from the horn of heaven's perfection
As all our dead dreams shall be by-and-by!

His name and clime are lost, but yet right royal
He stands the peer of any time or man:
His kingly head and skillful hand in loyal
Pursuit of truth aspired to nature's plan —
Created, gave the world thy stony splendor,
Revealed the beautiful that was to be —
Compelled the ministry of art to render
Invisible thought, a visible form in thee.

Let Pagans call thee Venus or Minerva,
Diana, Ceres, it is all the same;
Or Christians, worshipping in holy fervor,
Adore thee by the Virgin Mother's name:
Thou art still more; in thy Divine Creation
The light of genius evermore shall beam —
Thoughts petrified — soul-throbs in preservation —
The marble memory of a sculptor's dream!

As a writer of sonnets Dr. Clark succeeds beyond the average. In the following we have three exquisite stanzas, which in turn embody a most exquisite idea:

THREE SONNETS BUT NO SONG.

Before Singing.

In vain you ask me, "Shall I sing to-day?"
I may be tuneless till this time next year;
But if I sing, my song shall feel no fear
Or sorrow, should you turn in scorn away,
And shame my simple strain, or smile and say—

As you have done before with scoff and sneer—
"The owl and not the nightingale I hear;"
For when heaven sends the peace for which I pray
My soul will soar as borne on eagle's wings,
And prayer shall lose itself in perfect praise!
God will except the offering that I bring
Though you despise my inharmonious lays.
So shall I keep my harp-strings tuned and bright;
And sing again when God gives me the light!

The Interlude.

O! I have been a child of many prayers!
My mother—sleeping now beneath the sod,
Gave me, ere I was born, in prayer to God
To be His child. Let him declare who dares
That she, in glory, now no longer cares
To shield my shoulders from the lifted rod;
Or, that the pathway that my feet have trod
Has not been gleaned by her from gins and snares.
No hour that I have lived but some sweet word
From woman's lip has entered heaven for me,
And, by God's gracious tenderness been heard
And answered in some blessing full and free.
The eyes I oftenest caused on earth to weep,
In heaven, for me, their ceaseless vigils keep!

After Singing.

Great Son of God! O Jesus—brother mine—
My song has come and gone, and not a word
By other eye or ear was seen or heard!
I could not write or sing Thy love divine,
I only felt it, and the outward sign
Was love to all things that the Godhead stirred

To life and being—seraph, man, beast, bird—
I loved all perfectly, for all were Thine!
And the strange music in my soul was sweet!
Men only heard the echo, that was free,
But the grand harmony was only meet
For me to hear, and only once for me!
Farewell, remembered song! In heaven above
The angels call thee— Universal Love!

We will quote but one other sonnet, suggested by the last words of Henry Timrod, South Carolina's poet:

"*LOVE IS SWEETER THAN REST.*"

Life brings no burden to be borne so great,
Heaven has no rest so sweet to offer me
That I would seek repose, if it must be
Without thy love, and from thee separate.
For "love is sweeter than rest," and that estate
Is mine in thee. The fruit of every tree
May turn to ashes in my mouth; the sea
May drown my argosies with all their freight:
The winds may scatter in their wanton glee
The gatherings of my early toil and late:
Or flame, or pestilence leave only thee;
I still will bear all burdens, glad to wait
And work with thee, nor ever sigh to see
Lethean rest from love's sweet service free!

The unity of this, and the simplicity of its rhyme, are peculiar. We have really but two rhyming words in the fourteen lines—"great," in the first line, has five words that rhyme with it; and "me,' in the second line, has seven rhyming in turn with that.

Perhaps the following, written for the Buffalo *Courier*, illustrates Dr. Clark's felicity of thought, and tenderness of feeling, as well as anything we have now at hand.

SYMPATHY.

His kindly kisses, tremulous and tender,
Falling like blessings on my brow and cheek,
Filled all my soul with such supernal splendor,
As my dumb lips could never frame to speak;
Nave, aisle and chancel of my heart were lighted;
The altar, once a-cold, was all aflame,
And where I strayed and prayed, a nun benighted,
Bright, light and plain the path of life became.

His words of sympathy, like sweet bells ringing,
Called every angel in my breast to prayer;
And Hope, the surpliced priest, his censer swinging,
With friendship's incense, sweetened every care;
Now all about me, in their graves are sleeping
Forgotten fears, born in my darker days,
And where they moulder, I am ever reaping
The golden grain of gratitude and praise.

And for such fruit, I breathe a benediction
On him the lord of all my earthly love,
For only shall the day of crucifixion,
Upon my calendar be placed above
That day of days, when, from his higher station
He reached with helping hand and pitying eye,
And looked upon and touched, in tribulation,
A starving soul, the world had doomed to die.

It is certainly very graceful, very sympathetic, very pure and very sweet. And this, written also for the *Courier*, will bear re-reading many times, and will seem to gain in rhythmic charm and loving remembrance with each repetition :

GOLDEN ROD.

It would please me well, could my jailor tell
The home and the name of the child who came
With flowers to my cell !
Such flowers as wave on my mother's grave
In a woodland dell !
For the maid was fair ;
And her nut-brown hair and saintly air
Were a sight divine ;
But human art never pierced a heart
As she pierced mine
With a scepter grand—
With the graceful nod of a Golden-rod
In her dimpled hand—
A simple spire with a crown of fire
That burns and glows when the south wind blows
O'er the fragrant land !

Long years gone by my mother and I
Like groom and bride rode side by side
With such untold love,
That the Blessed Three alone could be
More blest than we
In the courts above !
I remember the day, and the bright birds' play,
And their carols gay ;

My mother's face and her words of grace ;
The fountain's spray ;
The ringing roar from the singing shore
Of a swollen stream o'er a rocky floor ;
The threatened shower at the noon-tide hour ;
The mountains gray ;
And the rose red tips of those white winged ships
That sail away with the purple day
Into sun-set bay ;
Churches and towers and hosts of flowers—
Like troops of angels the beautiful hours
Encamped around !
And, in accents mild, she said—" My child
This is holy ground !
Though in garden, hedge, and on lofty ledge,
And in sylvan bowers I see fresh flowers
With the fronds at rest,
Still the Golden-rod of the road-side clod
Is of all, the best !
In its golden sheen I have always seen
The scepter, touched by the Persian Queen
Who had favor gained ;
And this flower shall be henceforth to thee
A visible sign of God's love and mine—
A love unfeigned ! "

So passed the hours.
The very next day I sailed away !
The ship has never returned they say ;
And a dark cloud lowers !
From land to sea,
Since those glad days, through devious ways
My feet have trod ;
And at last I fell in this felon's cell,

Where the sweet child came in her dear Lord's name,
And a Golden-rod as the scepter of God
Held out to me!
And I prayed once more as I prayed before
My mother died;
And the prayers and tears of her three-score years
Are satisfied!

Dr. Clark's fancy is often bold, even to the astonishing of him who reads. The following poem is so daring in conception, albeit so daintily short, that one must peruse it more than once to get a full sense of its real merit. The fancy which begat it may have been morbid, but it was not weak:

SWEET DEATH.

He is a stranger to supremest pleasure
Who does not covet Death, or is afraid
To listen to the low, melodious measure
Sung by that siren, when her court is paid!

Who deems the numbness that her touch is giving,
Alike to agony, akin to pain?
Not he who knows the mystery of living—
The whirlpool-heart, the fiery furnace brain!

I lie alone, upon no bed of roses!
Sleep does not close my weary watching eyes;
For just beside me, on her couch, reposes
Death—my coy love—but Life between us lies!

Come to my arms, thou chaste and charming maiden!
Kiss me, until my lips are cold as thine!
Smooth down these eyelids with such sorrow laden;
And closely press thine icy breast to mine.

Aye, taunt awhile, and still awhile deride me;
And pout thy lips, and turn thy head aside!
One hope remains that cannot be denied me—
When I am dead, Death, thou wilt be my bride!

A member of the Masonic order, Dr. Clark has written a number of poems with special reference thereto, and one of these, "Iscariot," has journeyed far, having achieved for its author a transatlantic reputation.

The religious side of Dr. Clark's nature is very marked. As a poet he has found widest recognition through his devotional pieces, some of which have been reproduced in collections of religious verse, and have thus obtained a permanent place among their kind.

"Teneo et Teneor"—I hold and I am held—and "The Thorn and Cross," both originally written for *The Rural Home*, have found worthy position in popular volumes, the one in "The Changed Cross," and the other in a later collection, "The Chamber of Peace." We quote the latter:

THE THORN AND THE CROSS.

"There was given unto me a thorn in the flesh."—2 Cor. xii. 7.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.'—St. Luke xiv. 27.

The thorn is very sharp, oh! righteous Master;
The flesh is weak;
And drops of blood and blinding tears fall faster
Than I can speak!

Ah! deeply in my bosom it is driven
To rend and tear,
Pressed by the rugged cross that thou hast given
For us to bear!

I could endure the thorn, though fiercely galling,
If that were all;
Or bear the cross without a fear of falling—
Yea, count it small
If I could only bear it on my shoulder,
And not my breast,
Where goads the thorn; my heart would then grow bolder,
Blest with such rest.

I had borne either, singly; both united
Have vanquished me!
I prostrate lie, oppressed, distressed, benighted,
And cry to Thee!
O, Jesus, place Thy hand beneath the burden
A little while;
Or soothe the wounds by that all-healing guerdon,
A Saviour's smile!

He comes—He lifts—He soothes. A little longer
I plod my way
His gracious strength has made my sad soul stronger
To last the day.
But cross and thorn will tempt, until the closing
Of mortal life;
And I shall show, although in heaven reposing,
The scars of strife,

One or two of the poems previously given, show this religious spirit very plainly. We will reproduce one

more, in illustration, and one of Dr. Clark's simplest and most practical bits of verse :

TOWARD EMMAUS.

St. Luke, Chap. xxiv, 32.

"A journeying to Emmaus ;
The grandest man of men with us—
The Christ of God was then with us,
As we went down to Emmaus.
How burned our hearts upon the way
At every word we heard Him say !
We never may forget the day
We journeyed down to Emmaus !"

Oh ! blest disciples—chosen two—
How gladly had we walked with you
And talked of Him, who talked with you
As you went down to Emmaus !
Have touched the hand, and found it warm,
That raised the dead and stilled the storm ;
Have worshiped God in human form
As He walked down to Emmaus !

But Jesus walks and talks with men
As perfectly to-day, as then,
And hearts burn now, as yours burned when
You walked with Christ to Emmaus !
In starless night or sunless day,
Whoever walks life's weary way
Forgetting not to watch and pray,
Is journeying to Emmaus.

Since poets began to sing, they have sung of the sea. From earliest time old ocean has been to them a

meditation and a mystery, a picture and a plaint. Coleridge rhymed in wild, weird way of "The Ancient Mariner;" Byron sounded the majestic deep with round, majestic lines. Yet none but Dr. Clark has told us fittingly

WHY THE SEA COMPLAINS.

Early in boyhood the sighing and sobbing
Sound of the sea-wave was oft in my ears,
Drowning the voice of my crying, and robbing
Sleep from young eyes growing pale from their tears.
Down by the shore when the morning was breaking
Often I questioned and pitied the sea;
And the great deep, from its sad sorrow waking,
One day grew calm, and made answer to me.

That was the time of his tender confession;
That was the hour when his secret was told;
Just as the sun and his royal procession
Marched up the east with their banners of gold;
Just as a rivulet, loving, elated,
Paused for a moment, for strength, ere she sprang
Into the arms of Old Ocean, who waited
To answer the questioning song that I sang.

Ocean, give ear to the musical waters
Sliding down hill-side and gliding through lea—
The bright little brooklet that saucily scatters
Sparkling, pure drops, as in prodigal glee
And in trustful profusion, she pours out for thee
Her life's blood! Now what wilt thou give her? O sea!

"I will give her my all—my heart and my treasure—
And cherish her ever with tenderest care;

"Down by the shore, when the morning was breaking,
Often I questioned and pitied the sea:—
And the great deep, from its sad sorrow waking,
One day grew calm and made answer to me."

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She may float on my bosom and lie at her leisure
In these briny arms! but the sun will not spare
One so lovely and fair: Some sweet summer day
He will dazzle and charm her and steal her away!

"All my life long I am mourning in sorrow;
Longing for loves he has taken from me;
Only the hope of some swift coming morrow
Calms the sad soul of the sullen, salt sea—
When brooklet and dew-drop and soft summer rain
May bring to my bosom my darlings again."

Ocean, like thee, mortals mourn over losses—
Pleasures long perished while sorrows remain;
Here are no shoulders unburdened by crosses,
Eyelids untear-stained or hearts without pain!
But when the angel calls all souls before Him
Who is the brightness and glory of Heaven,
Then shall we know as we bow and adore Him,
All things are sure to the spirit forgiven!

We have quoted somewhat freely from Dr. Clark's writings, though not as largely as we should like to do. But having partially succeeded in illustrating his varied lines of thought, and showing his range of style, we must stay our hand.

Dr. Clark has written no long poem since he first put forth "Josephine"—a youthful venture he has quite outgrown—save a dramatic effort for lyceum reading, which we have heard well spoken of. The public has a right to expect something elaborate from the maturity of his powers. As Prof. Small remarked of him: "With a

weird imagination that reminds one of Hawthorne and Poe, he unites the chastity of Longfellow and the devotion of Heber, but he is like neither of them, and belongs to no school. He is not Byronic, Tennysonian, or Swinburnish. He leaves his own mark on every poem he writes."

In personal address Dr. Clark is one of few, adding the culture of the man of letters to the suavity and ease of a man of the world. He is a genial companion, an ardent friend, a zealous defender of the weak and a sincere hater of shams. With a warm, woman-like temperament, his affections flow out generously towards those whose natures are congenial with his own, and such find in him unswerving loyalty of heart and unhesitating largess of sympathy. And so, as a friend of real literary art, he can never be disloyal to it, or at discord therewith.

KATE B. W. BARNES.

MONG the many *nommes de plume* familiar to newspaper readers, few are so pleasantly known as one always associated with pure sentiment and tender reflectiveness—one which, perhaps for this very reason, is loved where Sabbath-school songs are sung —"Kate Cameron." Indeed, thousands will be surprised to learn that this is not a genuine cognomen, so natural does it sound, so long has it appeared in print. The legions of little singers who have sung "Marching Along," recognize it, we presume, as the real name of their good friend who penned that popular hymn, and may not care to be told that she bore another. Yet such is the fact; and that other, often on the lips of appreciative acquaintances, in Rochester and elsewhere, was Mrs. K. B. W. Barnes. They called her "Kitty," on the day of her birth, and though christened Maria Burbank Williams, in good time, the pet name clung to her, and quite superseded the one which was rightfully hers, so that she was Kittie Williams, until her marriage day.

Mrs. Barnes was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, May 24th, 1836, and love of poetry was born in her. An inveterate reader at an early age, she did not begin to transcribe her own thoughts until nearly twelve years old,

but after that her school-girl effusions were numerous, for in "compositions" and correspondence she delighted. When seventeen her first printed effort appeared in *The Springfield Republican*, over the signature of "Viola." Soon afterward she assumed the *nomme de plume* we have mentioned, and wrote occasionally for various papers, until coming to Rochester in 1856, as the wife of Dr. Norman S. Barnes. Then her natural inclination was more regularly indulged, and her pen found quite constant employment. She wrote many stories and poems for *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, and for fifteen months edited the *Journal of the Home*, which necessitated much writing.

In July, 1860, she first contributed to the columns of the *Advocate and Guardian*, the organ of the New York Home for the Friendless. One of her early poems in that periodical began:

Oh! save the little children
Of poverty and crime,
Whose bitter wail is sounding
Through the dim aisles of Time.

Ye may not cleanse the torrent,
Whose course is strong and sure,
But, ah! it needeth little skill
To make the fountain pure!

It caught the attention of William B. Bradbury, who married it to music, and who thereafter employed Mrs. Barnes' pen often, until his death, in the production of hymns for his Sabbath-school singing books. Some

these have been sung in almost every Sabbath-school in the land. "Marching Along," perhaps led the van in popularity, but "We 're nearer Home," "The Golden City," "The Shining Hills of Glory," and others, are hardly less known. After Mr. Bradbury's death and until her own, which occurred on the 19th of May, 1873, Mrs. Barnes wrote for several other musical composers, having a happy talent for combining correct rhythm and attractive sentiment which is prized by all who, as good composers ever do, deem these essential to a song's success.

It is only at rare intervals that a composer is also a poet. Moore could sing his own songs; so, also, can and does James G. Clark. There are a few other isolated instances of this kind; but, as a general rule, the composer procures his text from inspiration outside his own. Dr. Thomas Hastings—dear old man! to whom the years were kind because he sang so sweetly—used to pen a hymn occasionally; and his few hymns were like his many melodies, tender and uplifting, and only made us wish he would write more. Lowell Mason, we believe, never attempted hymn composition. Bradbury rarely attempted it, seeming content with the service of others, where he could have done uniformly well himself. Woodbury—a sweet singer too early silenced by disease and death—left but a few efforts at verse-making. Geo. F. Root has written more, perhaps, than any other composer, and yet he oftener depends upon others for words to match his melody, than upon his own poetic impulses.

Composers catch eagerly at such a gift at song-writing as Mrs. Barnes possessed, and appreciate it more than people in general possibly can. It may never have occurred to most readers, yet it is nevertheless a fact, that out of the multitude of poems constantly appearing, only now and then one is adapted to music. The mass lack a nameless grace of thought and expression which would make them melody's congenial companion; or, possessing that, in some degree, want the application, the point, which is essential to the popular song. Very few, indeed, are the verse-makers whom a composer can safely commission to furnish text—who have a practical idea of what is requisite in a hymn or a song. Yet a large proportion of the Sabbath-school hymns and songs are written on commission, and it follows logically that the writers thereof can be numbered with your ten digits.

Sabbath-school hymnology is not the embodiment of superlative poetic art, we admit, but it compares favorably with hymnology in general. The best efforts by Mrs. Barnes, however, were outside this particular line—they filled niches in newspapers, and made friends through their own singing alone. One of this class—and the very poorest, except in its philosophy—is the following, which originally appeared in the *Rural New-Yorker*, perhaps six years ago, and which now-a-days smiles out at us from every other paper we pick up :

SMILE WHEN'ER YOU CAN.

When things do n't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Do n't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown ;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'T is much the wisest plan,
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when 'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day ?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached ;
Do n't cross the bridge before you,
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined ;
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel—health.

And though you, re strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse ;
(And earth has many trials,
Which I consider worse !)
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,

'T will make your pathway brighter
To smile when 'er you can.

We commend this philosophy to all terribly sober individuals, and feel like thanking our editorial brethren for giving it such wide-spread endorsement. In this instance, Mrs. Barnes preached, poetically, no more than she practiced in the every-day prose of life. Sorrow came to her, as it comes to all, but in the midst of all her sorrowings and perplexities, this same sunny philosophy held its place in her heart. She bore trials bravely, her strong, sweet faith in God upholding her even in the darkest hour. To those at all familiar with Kate Cameron's writings, it is not necessary for us to say that hers was the Christian's faith—a faith that can wait God's time in patience. It is clearly shown in this little poem, which first appeared in the *Advocate and Guardian:*

PATIENT WAITING.

'T was the gain of patient waiting
That was wafted to my ears,
In a song sublime and distant
As the music of the spheres;
And I saw—as in a vision—
All that vast and solemn throng
Linked by common loss and sorrow
And by suffering made strong!

Lips that speak not of their anguish,
But still smile serene and calm;
Hands that when they drop the burden,

Henceforth grasp a martyr's palm;
Feet that shrink not from the pathway
Though so thorny to their tread;
Hearts that bravely meet the conflict
Though their earthly hopes have fled.

And o'er all the anthem floated—
"Patient waiting is no loss!"
And it seemed to cast a halo
O'er each dark and heavy cross;
And methought there came an answer
To each question that perplexed:
"Ye shall know it all hereafter,
Not in this world—but the next."

Then I traced the mystic letters
Carved upon life's iron gate,
At whose stern command we murmur
When we find there written, *Wait!*
'T is alone the patient waiters
Who the blessing will receive:
They who through all doubt and trial,
Calmly, trustingly, *believe!*

Among the most earnest of Mrs. Barnes' purely religious pieces is this, which was written for the *Advocate and Guardian*, and has been copied anonymously by several leading journals:

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose,
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only *lent*,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And can not repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten-fold
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn:
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do,
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew!

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me!

"Down the dim vista of the vanished years
I gaze, sad-hearted,
And see through gath'ring mists of blinding tears
Loved ones departed." *Page* 215.

The Congregationalist has given place to many tender things, but to few more tender than the following, which affords a glimpse of Mrs. Barnes' inner life. Every bereaved mother will read it with sympathetic interest when informed that the allusion in the fifth stanza is to four little ones who went from the poet's arms to angelic keeping :

THE DEPARTED.

Down the dim vista of the vanished years
I gaze sad-hearted,
And see through gath'ring mists of blinding tears,
Loved ones departed.

Brows on which mem'ry's radiance is cast
In fadeless splendor,
And voices that still whisper of the past
In accents tender

Hands that have lain confidingly in mine,
As loth to sever ;
Eyes that upon my darkened pathway shine
No more, forever ;

Hearts on which mine was ever wont to lean
With trust unshaken,
While not a single cloud could float between,
Doubt to awaken.

And dearer than all others to my sight,
Sweet childish graces ;
How dark the world grew when death's solemn night
Hid those fair faces !

I sometimes wonder I can ever smile
Or speak with gladness;
But God is good, and present joys beguile
The past of sadness,

And the fair future stretches far away
From our weak vision,
And thinking of its sunny days, I stray
In fields Elysian.

Yet earthly futures are but dark and dim
Beside that Heaven
To which God hath, to all that follow Him,
Free entrance given.

And there I know my loved ones are at rest,
'Mid beauty vernal,
And ne'er can sorrow, care, or sin molest
Their peace eternal.

And I will wipe away my selfish tears:
Death cannot sever
The ties that bind our souls through mortal years—
They last forever!

In catching "the tender grace of a day that is dead," Kate Cameron was always fortunate. She dwelt lingeringly upon the by-gones. Her past never ceased to be a part of her present; she recalled its pleasures, possibly even its pains, with a kind of loving regret which never altogether faded out, but which she held to tenderly through the years; and this is how she came to make a little medley of memory, about

OLD FASHIONED SONGS.

Her fingers swept across the keys,
And swift as birds they flew;
The music floated on the breeze,
Our heart went with it, too.

We heard again the simple lays,
Each sweet, familiar tune
That won our ardent love and praise
When life was in its June.

Once more we saw on flower and tree,
The morning sunlight shine;
Our hearts were joyous, blithe and free,
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And while we shed a silent tear
For happy hours gone by,
We met a friend, so true and dear,
Still "Coming thro' the Rye."

That vanished dream was in our thought,
We breathed a once loved name,
When with a tender sadness fraught
"Last Rose of Summer" came.

And then we found the refuge blest
Of hearts that widely roam,
And owned the dearest and the best
Of all, was "Home, Sweet Home!"

But if wont to live over again those happy seasons fled, Mrs. Barnes did not repine. She used each present day earnestly, hopefully, and looked cheerfully forward to

THE TIME TO COME.

This is earth's weary waiting time,
The world is full of sorrow;
But soon within a cloudless clime
Will dawn a brighter morrow;
For that we watch, for that we wait,
It is the same old story:
And *some* time through the Future's gate
Will come the promised glory.

Not ours, perchance, the bliss of those
Who greet its full appearing,
Yet still triumphant o'er our foes
We know that it is nearing;
When truth and right shall grandly rise
And yield to no oppressing;
And on all hearts the open skies
Shall shower their richest blessing.

But while we look with eager trust
For every welcome token,
It may not come till "*Dust to dust*"
Has o'er our graves been spoken.
We helped the precious seed to sow,
We bore it forth with weeping;
Not ours the harvest joy to know,
Not ours the golden reaping.

Thank God that One the end can see,
E'en from each small beginning;
Nor counts the life in vain to be
That boasts no outward winning.
Without a thought of human praise

We 'll bravely bear each burden
Until beyond these mortal days
We clasp the longed-for guerdon!

Mrs. Barnes' faith and trust did not fail her, even to the end. In the last year of her life, when the sorrow of a loving father's loss was yet fresh upon her, she wrote:

IN TIME OF TRIAL.

Thou who knowest all our grief,
Help us bear Thy holy will;
If Thou canst not give relief,
Make us calm, serene and still.
O our Father and our God,
Bend our stubborn wills to Thine;
Let the thorny path be trod
Leaning on an Arm Divine!

All our dearest, fondest ties
Are but tokens of Thy love;
Draw us by them to the skies,
Help us raise our thoughts above.
Though earth's brightest links should break
Thou unchanged wouldst yet remain
Sorrows borne for Thy dear sake,
Stronger make love's perfect chain.

Death alone can ne'er divide
Those whose hearts are true and fond
In Thy love we still abide,
We below—and they beyond:
Though the form we can not see,
Though the voice we can not hear—

They still live by Faith in Thee,
And they are forever near!

Soon these severed lives will meet,
Soon these broken ties unite;
O that hour of rapture sweet,
In the land of love and light!
Can we not with patience wait
Through these fleeting mortal years.
Dear the joy that cometh late!
Pure the bliss that follows tears!

JOHN H. YATES.

THE plain, homely ballad has always been popular. Of late, the most popular newspaper poetry has taken form in the ballads of old people—that verse being oftenest copied which, in the assumed character of an old man or woman, most tenderly and pathetically recited the wrongs, the observations, or the reflections of age. Within two or three years past the name of John H. Yates has appeared in connection with such ballads oftener than any other, and the popularity his productions have enjoyed fairly entitles him to a place in this series of sketches.

The first to win wide recognition among Mr. Yates' ballads, if we remember rightly, was

THE OLD MAN IN THE NEW CHURCH.

They 've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new;
There 's paintings on the windows, and cushions in each pew;
I looked up at the shepherd, then around upon the sheep,
And thought what great inducements for the drowsy ones to sleep.

Yes! when I saw the cushions, and the flowers fine and gay
In all the sisters' bonnets, I could n't help but say
"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize, and sailed through bloody seas?"

The preacher read the good old hymn sung in our youthful days—
"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise!"
And, though a thousand tongues were there, they did n't catch the fire,
And so the good old hymn was sung by a new-fangled choir.

I doubt not but the people called the music very fine,
But if they heard a word they said they 've better ears than mine;
For the new tune in the new church was a very twisting thing,
And not much like the tunes of old that Christians used to sing.

Why, Nancy, in the good old times, the singing sounded more
Like the noise of many waters as they beat upon the shore;
For everybody knew the tunes, and everybody sang,
And the churches, though not quite so fine, with hallelujahs rang.

Now I 'm not an old fogy, but I sometimes want to scold,
When I see our people leave good ways simply because they 're old.
I 've served the Lord nigh forty years, and till I 'm neath the sod
I shall always love the simple, good old ways of serving God.

"The Lord's ear is not heavy." He can hear a sinner's cry
In a church that is not painted like a rainbow in the sky;
"The Lord s arm is not shortened." He will save a sinner now,
Though he may in lonely hovel, on a cold earth-altar bow.

But they 've left the old church, Nancy, and gone into a new,
And I fear they 've gone in more for style than for the good and true—

And from what little I heard said, I fear that sadder yet,
In beating other churches, they 've got badly into debt.

We did n't think of lotteries and grab-bags, years ago,
As a means of raising money to make a better show!
When the church demanded dollars we all with one accord,
Put our hands down in our pockets and gave them to the Lord.

While I sat there at the meetin, looking 'round from pew to pew,
I saw no familiar faces for the faces all were new;
When the services were ended, all the members passed me by,
None were there to greet the old man with gray hairs and failing eye.

Then I knew that God had taken to the temple in the skies
All the soldiers that with you and I fought hard to win the prize;
I some doubt if Christians now-a-days will reach the gates of gold
Any better in the new ways than others did in the old.

For the Lord looks not on tinsel, His spirit will depart
When the love of earthly grandeur takes possession of the heart;
Oh! I know the Lord of glory will pass through a hovel door
Sooner than through temple portals where are no seats for the poor.

In a little while, dear Nancy, we will lay our armor down,
And from the King Eternal we 'll receive our starry crown;
Then we 'll meet the blessed pilgrims that we worshiped with of old,
And we 'll worship there, together, in the city built of gold.

This, originally published in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, was generally copied by the press, but usually without credit, and of the many who have read it, few know even the author's name. It was followed by another depicting the New Church, and the worship in it, in detail, and entitled

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I 've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one—
And seein' you can't go from home, I 'll tell you what was done.
You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day!
The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not much the worse for wear—
But then they knew I was n't one they call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door;
'T was bookless and uncushioned—*a reserved seat for the poor.*

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine;
They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine.
I doubted whether it was right to seat him up so near,
When he was young, and I was old, and very hard to hear.

But then, there 's no accountin' for what some people do;
The finest clothing now-a-days oft gets the finest pew.
But when we reach that blessed home, all undefiled by sin,
We 'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I could n't hear the sermon, I sat so far away,
So through the hours of service, I could only "watch and pray;"

Watch the doin's of the Christians settin' near me 'round about;
Pray that God would make them pure within as they were pure without.

While I set there, lookin' all around upon the rich and great;
I kept thinkin' 'bout that rich man and the beggar at his gate:
How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight
From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night;
There he learned as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,
"It is n't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old;
Then returned home from worship with a head uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door with naught to satisfy.

Out, out, with such professions! they are doin' more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's shinin' way
Than all the books of infidels; than all that has been tried
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand;
The shells in ocean caverns, the flowers on the land;
He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold-light from His throne—
Not for the rich man only, not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man because of lack of gold?
Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
A heart with noble motives, a heart that God has blest,
May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I 'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity ;
I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety.
Jesus told us in His sermons, in Judea's mountains wild,
He that wants to go to Heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife—our hearts are beatin' slow,
In a little while the Master will call for us to go ;
When we reach the pearly gateway, and look in with joyful eyes,
We 'll see no stylish worship in the temple of the skies.

Another followed, which admirably portrays what the place and spirit of worship ought to be, and which has also become a waif :

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH

Well, wife, I 've found the model church ! I worshiped there to-day !
It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray.
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt when I went in it was n't built for show.

The sexton did n't seat me away back by the door ;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor ;
He must have been a Christian, for you see he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

I wish you 'd heard that singin' ; it had the old-time ring ;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing !"
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away ; my spirit caught the fire ;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more ;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore ;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said ;
I know it was n't written ; I know it was n't read.
He had n't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye
Went flashing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 't was simple gospel truth ;
It fitted poor old men like me ; it fitted hopeful youth.
'T was full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed ;
'T was full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews ;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,
And—though I can't see very well—I saw that falling tear
That told me Hell was some ways off, and Heaven very near.

How swift those golden moments fled within that holy place !
How brightly beamed the light of Heaven from every happy face !
Again I long for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue.

I doubt not I 'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The happy hour of worship in the model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory soon be won ;
The shinin' goal is just ahead ; the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

John Henry Yates lives in the village of Batavia, N. Y., where he was born Nov. 21st, 1837. His parents came from England, and he has the simplicity of manner which so characterizes the English common people. His mother was a school-mistress, and from her he inherited his literary taste. It was largely owing to her urgent desire that he began composition, and has since cultured his talent in that direction so far as he has. His education was not liberal, and much of his time since early boyhood has been passed in a store as clerk, yet he is well informed on general subjects, is conversant with good literature, and does very acceptable pulpit service as a licensed preacher of the Methodist denomination, having a gift of sermonizing which answers instead of special culture.

The world narrowly missed losing him as a ballad writer, in the claims of the church, for we doubt if as an "itinerant" he would have essayed such effort as he has successfully put forth. A narrower miss though, was when he nearly lost his life, on two different occasions, while yet quite a youth—once by falling down a cellar, during

a fire in Batavia, and again by falling on a bowie knife, while taking part in some amateur dramatics. In the first instance he struck his forehead upon a stone, and was many hours insensible from the blow, which left a broad scar; the second accident was much more perilous, even, since the long, sharp knife-blade went clean through his right lung, and for weeks thereafter life hung as by a thread.

The dominant feeling in Mr. Yates' heart seems to be that of love and veneration for the aged. His "Old Man Ballads," as he terms them, are quite numerous, and all are prompted by it. Perhaps his sympathy shines out as strongly as anywhere in the following, which originally appeared in *The Rochester Sunday Morning Times*:

GOIN' WEST TO DIE.

Well, here we are, my dear old wife, on board the train at last!
Our little all packed in a trunk, with lock and straps made fast.
I hear the bell a-ringin', and the whistle's piercin' cry;
There, wife, we 're movin' out of town!—we 're goin' West to die!

We 've been from Jane's to John's house, from John's house back to Jane,
Till, now, they 've laid their burdens down on board this Western train;
'T is rather hard to send us off, all crippled up and gray,
To find a place in which to die, two thousand miles away.

Since we broke up a keepin' house, they 've carted us around,
Till, now, it seems, a home for us on earth can not be found:

As sure as this old face of mine can ne'er look young again,
So sure we 'll never more return to trouble John or Jane.

They send us to a stranger land, o'er an untraveled road,
That Mary, in her Western home, may bear the heavy load;
It is n't to be wondered at that my eyes are filled with tears,
Or that my form is bendin' with more than weight of years.

I did n't think 't would come to this—I did n't mean it should—
No home is like your own home, tho' made of logs of wood.
No bread is sweet when eating it 'mid bitterness and strife;
Few care to fill with peace and joy an old man's closing life.

Now, o'er a long, untraveled road we seek a stranger land—
The old home circle broken up at cruel time's command;
But time can not destroy our love, 't is stronger now than when
Our heads wore not the silver locks of threescore years and ten.

Since we broke up a keepin' house we 've led a wretched life;
Jane puts the blame upon her man, and John upon his wife;
They think not of their infancy—of all those tender years
When we toiled day and night for them, and wiped their flowin' tears.

We leave behind us all the scenes of early years, dear wife;
And all the friends with whom we 've won the victories of life
We leave behind the little church, where oft we 've knelt in prayer,
But, good wife, we will never leave the God that met us there.

Although these eyes are growin' dim, I still can see to read
The precious truths in God's own Word, that children all should heed:

'Honor thy father," saith the Lord,—"thy mother honor too:
Then shalt thou live long in the land that God hath given you."

Our latest day will dawn ere long—our journey's end is nigh—
We 're goin' West to Mary's home, we 're goin' West to die;
Then He who sees the sparrow fall, who counts the oceans sands,
Will take us to the better home—the house not built with hands.

It will interest readers to know that among those who perused the above, on the day it came out, were a family in this city, one of whose number, an aged lady, was about to remove to take up a home with other relatives in the West. The preparations were all made, and she was to start next day; but on reading the poem the entire family were so affected by it that the journey was at once given up, and the old lady will remain and die in Rochester.

One of the "Old Man's Ballads" is entitled "To the Grave through the Poor-House Gate," and the Old Man speaks thus forcibly of the pauper's unfeeling son:

This heartless boy of his hadn't even a garret-room
To offer to the poor old folks 'till earth should offer the tomb;
Not a crust of bread gave he from his acres of bursting sod;
If there is n't a hell for such a man, why, then there is n't a God.

When the sowers go forth to sow, this miser sows his grain,
And the windows of heaven open to give the refreshing rain;

When the reapers go forth to reap, his heavy wheat bows down,
And his poor old father bowed to the charity of the town.

The mercy of God is great; the justice of God is sure:
Man may, but He will never, forsake the feeble and poor.
Whatsoever we sow we reap. If we make others harvest tears,
We may look for a weeping time when we bow with the burden of years.

Mr. Yates wrote first for the Batavia papers—mainly for *The Batavian*, upon which he for a year or more rendered editorial assistance. Since then he has contributed often to Rochester journals, and has been honored with place and illustration in *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar*. A political ballad which appeared in the former—"The Old Man goes for Grant;"—was copied by all the Republican papers, as was a companion "The Boys in Blue go for Grant;" and "The Old Man in the Palace Car," which appeared in the *Bazar*, has been widely printed throughout the West. Several later ballads, in spirit similar to the last named, have been extensively reproduced.

Mr. Yates is not less effective when he assumes the woman's place, in age, than when he holds to his more frequent personification of the Old Man, as witness the lines entitled

JOHN 'S GONE OFF TO-DAY.

It has come about! I feared it would! yes, John 's gone off to-day,
And left me alone on a mortgaged farm without any means to pay;—

Gone off with the very woman who has hated me for years—
Who has planted my path with thorns, while I watered them with my tears.

Perhaps 't is foolish to mourn ; perhaps 't is better so ;
When love goes out of the dwelling the loveless man should go.
But the heart can 't let go quickly from the one it has loved so long,
Though suddenly comes the tempest, though terrible be the wrong.

I gave him my youthful love in the far home over the sea ;
Through all the years of our wedded life his heart had been true to me.
Till this woman came to our table, with her fine sheep's clothing on,
To prove but a wolf, as she has to-day, by running away with John.

It is hard to work, as I have worked for love and a home when old ;
Then find I have garnered nothing but fond hopes dead and cold.
It is hard to love as I have loved, then hear the old neighbors say,
John would n't have done this wrong but I scolded him night and day.

There is n't the proof in Scripture that Adam was drove to sin ;
There is n't a wife around here more patient than I have been :
A woman's tongue may drive a man out of the house for awhile,
But to lead him astray from wisdom's way there 's nothing like her smile.

'T was the smile of this evil woman, 't was the honeyed words of her tongue,

That shattered love's golden bowl, and love's tuneful harp unstrung,
When the serpent's charm is broken, and John comes back to his mind,
He will sigh again for the true love of the heart he has left behind.

Will I run to the door to meet him? Will I welcome him with a kiss?
Supposing I do, neighbor, will that be doing amiss?
It 's dangerous sailing without the man who has been at the helm so long!
And they who are prone to evil should learn to forgive a wrong.

I often take my Bible, the well-worn one on the stand,
And read of that prodigal son coming home from that famine land;
Did n't the father run to meet him? Did n't he kiss his repenting boy?
And order the fatted calf killed to make him a feast of joy?

So will I welcome John, when his wayward race is run;
Is not a prodigal husband as good as a prodigal son?
If I forgive his trespasses, obeying the law divine,
The Lord who pities the erring will surely pardon mine.

It will come about, it will; yes, John will come home soon:
Together we 'll mend love's broken bowl, love's golden harp we 'll tune;
Then the fatted calf I 'll kill, and the news I 'll spread around,
My John, though dead, is alive again; though lost, he now is found.

In quite a different vein from either ballad we have given, but embodying memories common to us all, and

recalling the vanished days of youth in happy though half pathetic way, is the following, for which, of many ballads Mr. Yates has written, he has the fondest regard :

IN THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

They 've left the school-house, Charley, where years ago we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat.
The hook is gone on which it hung, and master sleepeth now
Where school-boy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his brow.

They 've built a new imposing one—the pride of all the town,
And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and down.
A tower crowns its summit with a new, a monster bell,
That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear its music swell.

I 'm sitting in the old one, with its battered, hingeless door ;
The windows are all broken, and the stones lie on the floor ;
I alone, of all the merry boys who romped and studied here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

I 'm sitting on the same old bench where we sat side by side
And carved our names upon the desk, when not by master eyed ;
Since then a dozen boys have sought their great skill to display,
And, like the foot-prints on the sand, our names have passed away.

'T was here we learned to conjugate "Amo, amas, amat,"
While glances from the lasses made our hearts go pit-a-pat ;
'T was here we fell in love, you know, with girls who looked us through—
Your's with her piercing eyes of black, and mine with eyes of blue.

Our sweethearts—pretty girls were they—to us how very dear—
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them a
tear ;
With them the earthly school is out ; each lovely maid now
stands
Before the one Great Master, in the house not built with hands.

You tell me you are far out West ; a lawyer, deep in laws,
With Joe, who sat behind us here, and tickled us with straws ;
Look out for number one, my boys ; may wealth come at your
touch ;
But with your long, strong legal straws, don't tickle men too
much.

Here, to the right, sat Jimmy Jones—you must remember Jim—
He 's teaching, now, and punishing, as master punished him ;
What an unlucky lad he was ! His sky was dark with woes ;
Whoever did the sinning it was Jim who got the blows.

Those days are all gone by, my boy ; life's hill we 're going
down,
With here and there a silver hair amid the school-boy brown ;
But memory can never die, so we 'll talk o'er the joys
We shared together in this house when you and I were boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down—this old house lone
and drear—
They 'll not destroy the characters that started out from here ;
Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and wash out all be-
side—
Bright as the stars that shine above, they shall for aye abide.

I 've seen the new house, Charley ; 't is the pride of all the
town,
And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and down ;
But neither you nor I, old friend, can love it half as well
As this condemned forsaken one with cracked and tongueless bell.

Mr. Yates does not confine himself to the style of ballad we have so largely shown, though he drops into it oftenest, and most naturally. He can do very satisfying work in other styles, which may be seen, as we conclude our sketch, in

A SONG OF HOME.

"There 's no place like home," though 'neath bright skies we roam,
In the lands where rare blossoms unfold ;
For the joys of the hearth are the purest of earth,
And its treasures more precious than gold ;
How the eyes beam with love 'neath the lashes above,
When our footsteps are heard at the door ;
When we enter its bliss with a smile and a kiss,
We feel care-worn and weary no more.

Shine on, hearth and home, o'er life's billows of foam,
Oh ! beautiful love-light ! beautiful home !

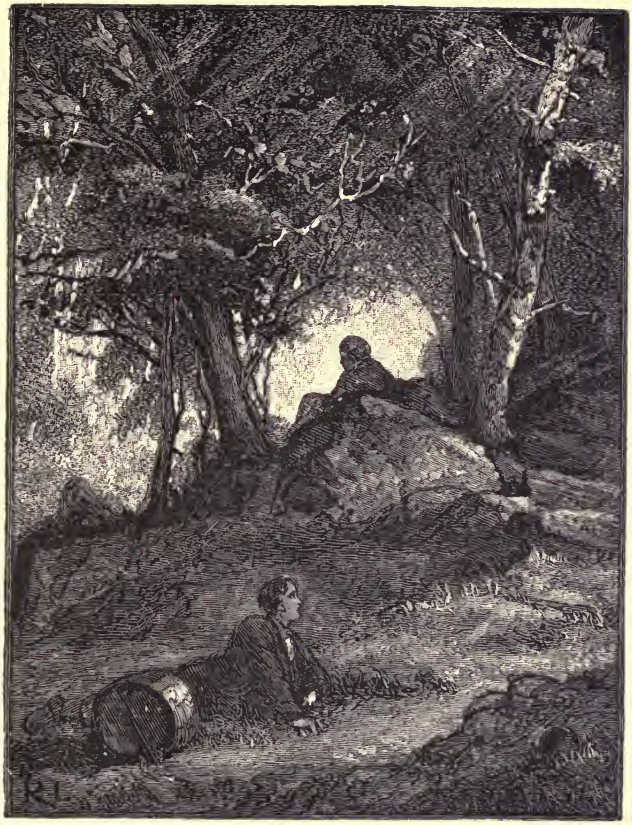
The poor soldier in pain on the field with the slain
And the sailor afar on the foam,
Brush the tear from the eye and look back with a sigh,
As they think of the pleasures of home ;
Then in dreams of the night they again, with delight,
Join the circle they left at the hearth,
And their hearts feel at rest, 'mid the scenes they love best,
In the sunniest spot of the earth.

The sweet nest in the wood to the lark seemeth good,
While the eagle, with wings strong and free,
Builds her home with the flags in the towering crags

That o'erhang the white foam of the sea.
O ! it is not the spot, be it palace or cot,
That makes home the sweet Eden of earth—
'T is the dear ones we meet in its blissful retreat,
And the love that encircles the hearth.

There are those on life's way who are homeless to-day,
And they sigh as they wearily roam ;
Through the fast falling tears they look back to the years
That were spent in a beautiful home.
While we then are so blest with this haven of rest,
Let the home be made cheerful with love,
For our life is a dream—we may soon cross the stream
To the beautiful mansions above.

Shine on, hearth and home, o'er life's billows of foam,
Oh ! beautiful love-light ! beautiful home



" The poor soldier in pain on the field with the slain,
And the sailor afar on the foam,
Brush the tear from the eye and look back with a sigh,
As they think of the pleasures of home. *Page* 237.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

A GENERATION or two must pass away before the phrase. "All quiet along the Potomac," can fade from popular remembrance. It was common in news dispatches during the fall of 1861, and became familiar to us all through the public prints. In the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for Nov. 30, of the year named, a poem appeared which began by quoting this phrase, and which was at once republished in every journal in the land. It has not lost interest, even now. War is only a memory, but to many it is intensely vivid; and there are thousands, in Southern homes as around Northern hearthstones, whose hearts will throb with a quicker pulsation as they read anew

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

* * * * * * *

All quiet along the Potomac to-day,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sign, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as on
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket 's off duty forever!

As originally published, its only hint of authorship was hid in the initials "E. B." These lost sight of, as they speedily were, the poem became a waif, with no hint of authorship at all. By-and-by some journal fixed paternity upon it, to which it had no claim; then it was claimed by those who could not prove their paternity. The London *Times* credited it to "a Confederate soldier who died on the Potomac;" and was corrected by an American paper, which declared that the verses "were composed by a private soldier in the United States service, sent home in a letter to his wife, and first published in a Northern journal." This statement was in turn met by another, asserting that they "were the production of the lamentable Fitz James O'Brien, who was wounded at Ball's Bluff and died after his arm had been amputated." Finally, under date of July 4th, 1863, *Harper's Weekly* alluded to the vexed question, and settled it by saying:—"The poem was originally contributed to *Harper's Weekly* by a lady, and is copyrighted." Recognition of Lieut. O'Brien's real contributions to that journal was made in the same paragraph, linked with the remark that the soldier-poet received his death-wound near Hancock, instead of at Ball's Bluff.

When conflict ceased, the poem drifted into collec-

tions of war verse, unjustly credited in each. It appeared in "War Poetry of the South," edited by William Gilmore Simms, as a Southern production. A volume entitled "The Library of Song," attributed it to Mrs. G. G. Howland. In correction of these errors, the New York *Evening Post* said: "We have before us a note from Mr. H. M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, informing us that it was written by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, and originally contributed to *Harper's Weekly*."

Speaking of this poem, in a private letter, Mrs. Beers wrote:—"The poor 'Picket' has had so many 'authentic' claimants, and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself, whether I did really write it that cool September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement 'All quiet,' &c., to which was added in small type 'A picket shot.'" Such questioning as this raises no doubt in the mind of any one beside.

For some years "Ethel Lynn" was a *nomme de plume* often seen in various metropolitan journals, especially the New York *Ledger*. It was chosen by a young girl born and educated in Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., and rather proud of her surname Elliott—which had descended direct to her through seven generations from John Eliot, the Indian Apostle—as also very fond of the quaint old Saxon Ethelinda her parents bestowed, especially when modified by household rendering to the present cognomen. Married, but still clinging to her

girlish appellation, Ethelinda Elliot became Ethel Lynn Beers, and one name is now as familiar as the others.

Mrs. Beers wrote several poems during the war which attained popularity. Next to "The Picket-Guard," in hold upon public favor, and, like that, put forth through the patriotic pages of *Harper's Weekly*, was this:

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful, though, the ripples murmur
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I 've loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa 's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home
You shall greet it, slave no longer—

Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa 's berry kind to Pompey;
But old darkey 's happy here,
Where he 's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching, Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she 'd remember better
How for him she used to pray,
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of Heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper

Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vevair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag 's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here 's the paper, signed, that frees you.
Give a freeman's shout with me—
God and Union!' be our watchword,
Evermore in Tennessee!"

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus, and the soldier
Glided to a better land.

When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

Not nearly so often read as the foregoing, yet more artistically wrought out, and having an irresistible touch of pathos at the close, is the following:

THE TALLEST SOLDIER OF THEM ALL.

How brave they looked with guns ashine,
With floating flag and pennon gay;
How firmly trod the martial line,
Through surging crowds along Broadway!
While women turned to say "Good-bye,"
Through tears that would unbidden fall,
I, waiting, watched and saw but one,
The tallest soldier of them all.

On tip-toe I had buckled close
A shoulder-strap that morn for him,
But scarce could see the simple clasp,
Through eyes with welling sorrow dim;
With sad adieu and backward glance,
He left me at the bugle's call,
To pray that God would watch and keep
The tallest soldier of them all.

* * *

A squad went marching down the glen,
Picked men and true, for earnest work;
To start from covert by the way,
A foe who might in ambush lurk.
With wary eye and rifle poised,

With bated breath and soft foot-fall,
They followed through that narrow pass
The tallest soldier of them all.

Along the crags the stained vines,
Red with the ray October sheds,
Fluttered and swung their trembling spray
Around two crouching rebel heads.
Above the rock a flashing gleam,
Adown the glen a true sent ball,
And there outstretched lay stark and still
The tallest soldier of them all.

They brought him back, my gallant love,
With solemn step and bugle wail,
They bore him through the crowded street,
My soldier murdered in the vale ·
Pallid and still he lay at rest,
Beneath the sacred, starry pall,
So low at last *I stooped* to kiss,
The tallest soldier of them all.

Mrs. Beers has written much verse, since early school-days when the old garret was her sanctum, and her only advisers were those parental. Perhaps the most popular of her productions, since the war, is

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh—
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,

And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around:
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath—
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but do n't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

It was penned while the author was a guest at a country home, where the infant of the household had been weighed the same morning. Nearly every newspaper reader is familiar with it, as also with the following, entitled

GRANNIE'S TEST.

Dear Grannie is with us no longer,
Her hair that was white as the snow
Was parted one morning forever,
On her head lying softly and low ;
Her hands left the Bible wide open,
To tell us the road she had trod,
With waymarks like footsteps to show us
The path she had gone up to God.

No wonderful learning had Grannie,
She knew not the path of the stars,
Nor aught of the comet's wide cycle
Nor Nebula's dim cloudy bars,
But she knew how the wise men adoring
Saw a star in the East long ago,
She knew how the first Christmas anthem
Came down to the Shepherds below.

She never had heard of Hugh Miller,
Nor knew what philosophers said ;
The birthday of earth was a problem
Which never disturbed her old head.
About the Pre-Adamite fossils
No mental disturbance she knew,
Holding fast to her faith pure and holy,
That her God-given Bible was true.

She had her own test, I remember—
For people, who e'er they might be.
When we spoke of the strangers about us,
But lately come over the sea;
Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," and "Jamie,"
And stately old "Essellby Oakes,"
She listened and whispered it softly—
"My dear, are these friends *meetin'-folks?*"

When our John went away to the city
With patrons, whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest, great merchants,
For Grannie this all would not do
Till she 'd pulled at John's sleeve in the twilight
To be certain, before he had gone;
And he smiled as he heard the old question—
"Are you sure they 're meetin'-folks, John?"

When Minnie came back from the city,
And left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
With the dear wrinkled hands on her hair;
And amid the low sobs of the maiden
Came softly the tremulous tone—
"He was n't like meetin'-folks, Minnie;
Dear child, you are better alone."

And now from the corner we miss her,
We hear that reminder no more;
But still, unforgotten, the echo
Comes back from the far-away shore,
Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
Tho' Charity sweet has her due,
Yet we feel, if we want to meet Grannie,
'T were best to be meetin'-folks, too!

These lines were written about the same time, and have been frequently printed. Can any sympathetic person read them aloud, without a tremor as of tears in his voice?

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as tho' my locks were jet),
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is his letter:"
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We 'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the crib we lightly stepped

Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily said John—"Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He 's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be,
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare,
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,

And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I can not, will not let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

Quite unlike either of the foregoing, as to spirit, expression and form, is

THE GOLD NUGGET.

What shining possibility
Of coin and link,
Glitter and blink,
Oh yellow gold,
Within thy hold,
For all thy dull humility!

Only the torment of the mill
Has tried thy worth,
Oh magic earth;
Soon shalt thou find
How mortal mind
Holds mastery o'er matter still.

Then out from torture hot and slow,
From fire and wheel,
From rasping steel,
From rolling band,
And cunning hand,
Thy better self shall rise and glow.

Art thou a ring sought for a bride—
Love's golden lock,
Which change shall mock?
Oh, marriage ring,
Close, closer cling,
Though grief and sorrow shalt betide

Art thou a pen, whose task shall be
To drown in ink
What writers think?
Oh, wisely write,
That pages white
Be not the worse for ink and thee.

A clasp to hold the baby's sleeve,
That shoulders white
May shame the light?
Oh, kiss the skin
Thy links within,
Thy trac'ry on its whiteness leave,

A golden eagle hidden close
In miser's clutch,
From gen'rous touch?
Oh, eagle fly
Where misery
For thee shall hide its wants and woes.

Be worthy of thyself, oh Gold!
By brain outwrought,
By soft heart taught;
Call Charity to work with thee,
To work with thee,
And so be better than thy mold.

"Our Folks" has genuine pathos; and "Baby looking out for Me"—not a war poem—must touch any mother's heart when, after picturing the little one at the window pane, it speaks of

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes,
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white:
These are left me—and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

While at times writing of commonplace things in a commonplace way, Mrs. Beers yet fails not often to catch a glimpse of some every-day lesson in an every-day garb, and effectively to apply it. Like so many sensitive natures, suggestions are very fruitful with her. Though seeming not to search after them, she finds one where others might almost seek in vain, as in

THE EVERGREEN'S MOAN.

I thought in early spring, how fair
'T would be to bloom forever;
To wear my gallant Lincoln green,
Untouched by time or weather.

I saw the maple's golden gown
About her cold feet lying;
The oak-tree's dark and tattered cloak
Off on the wild wind flying.

The crimson knots fell one by one
Off from the rose-tree's shoulder,
And so untied its robe of green
Ere autumn nights grew colder.

The ripened grain waved me adieu;
The bird stopped, southward going,
Then went his way. I watch alone
The north wind coldly blowing.

I would that I, too, with the rest
Had been content to slumber:
The robe of life I coveted
Now clothes me but to cumber.

There would have been then some regrets,
Some whisper softly sighing
When loit'ring lovers homeward went
Through leaves about me dying.

And this is why to wintry winds
I tell my thrice-told story.
Life, lonely life, when friends have gone,
Is but a doubtful glory.

Mrs. Beers has written chiefly for *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Magazine*, New York *Ledger*, New York *Observer*, *Hearth & Home*, and *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. Her only prose ventures, we believe, are "General Frankie"—a small volume published by Randolph & Co., which recalls some of the moral conflicts in the short life of one who sleeps under the daisies; and a little Tract House story. She carries her conscience into all of her work, her chief desire, as she has once expressed it, being to write no word or line that should mislead an earnest soul. She finds life's pathos along its traveled ways, and beneath the common speech, and says when she brings her poems all together into a book she shall christen them "Burdocks and Daisies," since they have been gathered by the highway's dust, and within life's trodden courts. Mrs. Beers is of medium stature, with dark hair and eyes, and lives in Orange, New Jersey.

ROSA H. THORPE.

IT is seldom that a historical incident forms the basis of a really popular poem. Rarer still is it that such a poem drifts up and down through the newspapers, year after year, unclaimed, the general wonder as to its authorship unsatisfied. In the time of Cromwell, a young soldier, for some offense, was condemned to die, and the time of his death was fixed at "the ringing of the curfew." Every effort to avert his fate proved unavailing. The young girl for whom his life held most, pleaded tearfully with the judges, and even petitioned Cromwell himself, but in vain. Almost despairingly, she sought to bribe the sexton, in hope that for once a day might fade to darkness with no curfew's knell; but the faithful old man was true. The hour of execution drew nigh; every preparation was complete; the condemned and his executioner stood waiting in the sunset light for a signal which did not sound. Long afterwards that strange and fortunate silence, and its comforting results, found explanation in the simple yet touching ballad of

"*CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.*"

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair

He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold,
"I 've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper:
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I 've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I 'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh:
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured:
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he 'd trod before ;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 't is the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt Heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she
had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of
white,
Long should tell the little children
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her
brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and
torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and
worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light;
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was in April, 1867, that another young girl first read the incident here told. She chanced upon it in a little story entitled "Love and Loyalty," and it haunted her like a dream, absorbed her thought, and wholly unfitted her for study, until, under pretext of studiousness, with slate, pencil and arithmetic in hand, she wrote out her rhythmic version. Her name was Rosa Hartwick, and she lived in Litchfield, Mich. She was then only about sixteen years old, having been born July 18, 1850, in Mishawaka, Ind. Rhyming was natural to her, though

at this time she had written little, and published next to nothing. Indeed this poem, the most successful she has ever penned, was not printed until the fall of 1870, when it was sent to the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser*, and called forth a letter of hearty recognition from the editor thereof.

Miss Hartwick began writing for *Young America*—a magazine for youth—but has contributed chiefly to the press of Michigan, her adopted State. She wrote many poems before her twentieth year, some of which, in suggestion and style, stand as witnesses for her work in the stanzas already quoted. We give place to one entitled

DOWN THE TRACK.

In the deepening shades of twilight,
Stood a maiden young and fair;
Raindrops gleamed on cheek and forehead—
Raindrops glistened in her hair.
Where the bridge had stood at morning,
Yawned a chasm deep and black;
Faintly came the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

Paler grew each marble feature,
Faster came her frightened breath,—
Charlie kissed her lips at morning—
Charlie rushing down to death!
Must she stand and see him perish!
Angry waters answer back;
Louder comes the distant rumbling
From the train far down the track.

At death's door faint hearts grow fearless:
Miracles are sometimes wrought,
Springing from the heart's devotion
In the forming of a thought.
From her waist she tears her apron,
Flings her tangled tresses back,
Working fast and praying ever
For the train far down the track.

See! a lurid spark is kindled,
Right and left she flings the flame,
Turns and glides with airy fleetness
Downward toward the coming train;
Sees afar the red eye gleaming
Through the shadows still and black;
Hark! a shriek prolonged and deafening,
They have seen her down the track!

Onward comes the train—now slower,
But the maiden, where is she?
Flaming torch and flying footsteps,
Fond eyes gaze in vain to see.
With a white face turned to Heaven,
All the sunny hair thrown back,
There they found her, one hand lying
Crushed and bleeding on the track.

Eager faces bent above her,
Wet eyes pitied, kind lips blest;
But she saw no face save Charlie's—
'T was for him she saved the rest.
Gold they gave her from their bounty;
But her sweet eyes wandered back
To the face whose love will scatter
Roses all along life's track.

This is but the versification of an actual incident, as recited years ago in a newspaper paragraph. It is in such realistic effort that the author appears happiest, and to it she seems most inclined. From a series of legends, which her pen has decked out in rhyme, we take this:

THE LUCK OF MUNCASTER.

Beside the crystal well she stood,
Fair Margaret, Lowther's daughter,
The hazel eyes smiled back at her
Up from the sparkling water.
The sunlight fell on tresses bright,
Tresses half brown—half golden,
While at her feet Lord William knelt
And told the story olden.

An outlaw border chieftain he,
Of haughty mein and carriage,
With earnest words on bended knee,
Besought her hand in marriage.
"My life with thine," the lady said,
"Can never be united;
To brave Sir John, of Muncaster,
This hand of mine is plighted."

"My vengeance," cried the dark-browed Scot,
"On thee, proud Lowther's daughter,
This lord of thine shall not be safe
From me on land or water."
Disdainful smiled the lady stern,
"Thy threats are unavailing,
While Sir John owns the sacred cup
Mischance can ne'er assail him.

"'T was Henry, Sixth, pronounced the charm,
(A glass cup was the token),
'In Muncaster good luck shall reign
Till this charmed cup is broken.'
A hundred years the charm hath held
Its power beyond undoing;
Good luck attends Muncaster lords
In battle and in wooing."

"And this the luck of Muncaster?"
Said the rejected lover.
"The charm hath stood a hundred years,
It shall not stand another."
Then straight to Carlisle tower he rode.
"My lord," he cried, "make ready,
For Douglass comes with Scottish hordes;
Each arm is strong and steady.

"Prepare to give them battle now,
And mete out justice measure;
Or send some trusted messenger
For thy most valued treasure."
"Small treasure have I," Sir John said,
"But one in casket oaken
I fain would save from plundering hand
Untarnished and unbroken.

"Go thou and bring the gem I prize;
Thou art no foe or stranger,
Else why hast rode this weary way,
To warn me of my danger?"
And ere the bat had winged its flight
Across night's sable curtain,
The dark browed knight of Liddersdale
Had done the message certain.

"Now, by my ladie's lips, I swear,
Thy friendship is amazing,"
Cried gay Sir John, of Muncaster,
Into the dark face gazing.
"Swear not by lips of her you love,
You never more shall press them;
Bright are the locks of Margaret's hair,
No more shalt thou caress them,"

Exclaimed the fiery Scot in glee.
"I hold the precious token,
That binds good luck to thee and thine—
That charmed spell shall be broken.
Behold! I dash it to the earth,
In vain thy deepest regret;
Douglass shall win thy palace tower,
And *I* the lady Marg'ret."

The traitor fled. Sir John sank down
Beside the casket oaken.
Oh, miracle! the crystal cup
Lay there unharmed, unbroken.
Two thousand soldiers came in time
To stay the Douglass slaughter,
And gay Sir John was married to
Fair Margaret, Lowther's daughter.

Miss Hartwick was married in 1871, to Edmund C. Thorpe, and soon went to reside in Fremont, Ind., where she has lived since, until lately returning to Litchfield. Domestic cares have left her small opportunity for composition, and little from her pen has of late appeared in print, save the wandering waif so universally read.

She has made a collection of her poems, with a view to early publication in book form. From the few at our hand we will give only one more entitled

WAITING.

When the dusky shadows o'er the earth are spread,
Nestling 'mid the pillows of her trundle bed,
Peering through the darkness, roguish little Miss,
Waiting in the twilight for a mother's kiss.

Pretty, thoughtful maiden, dreaming dreams of love,
Gazing at the spangled, moonlit sky above;
Looking down the pathway with an anxious eye,
Waiting for her lover, coming by-and-by.

When the golden sunbeams slant across the floor,
Stately little woman standing in the door,
Making a sweet picture in her tidy dress,
Waiting for her husband and a fond caress.

Weary, anxious mother, years of toil and care
Threading lines of silver in her sunny hair:
Breezes kiss her forehead, balmy, soft and cool,
Waiting for the children coming home from school.

By the shady window in her easy chair,
With the sunlight resting on her snowy hair,
Grandmother is waiting in the dear old home,
Waiting till the Master gently bids her come.

Waiting for her loved ones, this is woman's lot,
In the stately palace or the lowly cot,
And when death shall claim her she will go before,
And await their coming on the other shore.

Mrs. Thorpe is tall and slender, has dark brown eyes, and hair to match. She lives more in the future than the past; and has the hopefulness of a poet, blent with much of a poet's sensitive disposition. In writing, she sympathizes intensely with her theme, and is often carried forward resistlessly, without due heed to finish of versification and accuracy of rhyme. But however much or carefully she may write in future, she can hardly produce anything which shall win the popularity her earliest ballad has achieved.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE subject of this sketch found recognition as a Newspaper Poet many years ago, though just how early he began writing verse we cannot say. Choosing literature as a profession, his pen has been very prolific, and some of its emanations have attained unusual popularity. If we mistake not, the first poem of his which came to be a waif was

"*BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.*"

'Bless God for rain!" the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear;
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father! Thou who dwellest in Heaven,
We thank Thee for the pearly shower!
The blessed present Thou hast given
To man, and beast, and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come; and lo! it came!
The Indian corn, with silken plume,
And flowers, with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green ;
The brooklet swells its song again ;
Methinks an angel's wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us Rain.
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod ;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds of fire were swept along,
The sun shines in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that gush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base,
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless ;
The windows of the sky unbar ;
Shower down the rain of Righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War ;
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark the moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above,
But not like it to fade and die.

This appeared originally in Burritt's *Christian Citizen* —a periodical contemporaneous with *Graham's Magazine* in its palmy days. Copied into the New York *Tribune*, the poem was at once republished in other journals, and for a long time held place among estrays. Its composition was quite impromtu. Mr. Bungay, traveling to meet a lecture appointment when drouth was

scorching the land, was delayed by a heavy shower, and chafed over the detention. Arriving late where his audience waited, he found them talking of the rain, in thankful mood that was like a rebuke to his irritation—indeed the feeling of all present seemed to syllable itself in the expression of one happy farmer among the outsiders—"Bless God for rain!" The poem was born of this sentiment, and, forthwith written down, was sent off uncorrected for publication—an inspiration of the hour, lacking the best artistic finish, perhaps, but aglow with the hour's feeling and the picture's rainbow light.

Mr. Bungay's rhythmic products would fill a volume. They have been generally of the popular, spontaneous kind, on a level with popular apprehension. His lively railroad lyric, also one of the earliest from his pen, full of nerve and fire, and having somewhat of prophetic vision in it, has been everywhere read. It went the rounds in this country and in England nearly twenty years ago, and was handsomely spoken of by the English press, especially the London *Athenæum*:

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

"Look out for the cars while the bell rings."—*Railroad Crossing.*

With lungs of fire and ribs of steel,
With shrieking valve and groaning wheel,
With startling scream and giant stroke,
Swift showers of sparks and clouds of smoke,
The iron horse the train is bringing,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

A sheet of fire illumes the track
When night rules in her tent of black;
The furious steed then comes to us
Like an express from Erebus,
Around us blazing cinders flinging,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

Ye gazing, gaping crowds, stand back!
Will ye be crushed, or clear the track?
"Aboard! aboard!" and off again!
The drones behind can't reach the train;
They stumble where the switch is swinging,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

Just so the engine of reform
Is rolling on through sun and storm,
O'er swords and scepters, creeds and thrones
And bringing bread instead of stones.
'T freedom's song the mass is singing,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

The slave will doff his yoke and chain,
The drunkard will not drink again,
The warrior throw his sword away;
We see the dawn of that bright day!
Glad news the harnessed steed is bringing,
So look out while the bell is ringing.

Geo. W. Bungay is a New-Yorker by birth, and has numbered fifty-four years. He was educated mainly at the metropolis, pursuing classical studies in a private institute, famous in its day, known as "the Orchard Street School." He commenced public life as an advocate of Temperance and Freedom. Three years he edited the

Ilion Independent, in the village of Ilion, Herkimer county, N. Y. Its circulation becoming large, he removed to Utica to obtain better advantages, and continued his paper under the name of the *Central Independent,* until Civil War began. Invited by Mr. Greeley, then, to take an editorial chair in the *Tribune* office, he remained there until the war ended, when he resigned to enter the lecture field.

Mr. Bungay's writings and lectures have yielded him a good income and have made him widely known. His volume entitled "Crayon Sketches and Off-Hand Takings," has passed through several editions, and was reprinted in London. His most popular lectures are "The Comic Side of Life," "Head Work and Hand Work," and "Jolly Fellows"—each subject being indicative of the lecture's spirit and aim. As a lecturer, Mr. Bungay has met with excellent success; his lively wit and rollicking humor never failing to amuse and interest, as his genuine common sense never fails to instruct. An earnest and enthusiastic reformer, he has done efficient service for Right, both with tongue and pen; and still he wearies not, though Wrong prevails, and evil sways the world.

The poem by Mr. Bungay now most often read, is quite in contrast with the two waifs given. Like those, it has been printed over and over again in the newspapers, and has also found frequent place in school reading books and works on elocution. Read as we have heard it, by finished elocutionist, its effect is very beautiful.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

'Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
'No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

'In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell,
'This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
'Tis forms and sacred rights revere—

Come worship here ! come worship here !
In rituals and faith excel !"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

'Not faith alone, but works, as well,
Must test the soul !" said a soft bell.
'Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began ;
Do well ! do well ! do well ! do well !"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell !"
Shouted, in ecstacies, a bell ;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see !
Our Lord has made salvation free.
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved ! and praise the Lord ! Amen !
Salvation 's free ! we tell ! we tell !"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"Farewell ! farewell ! base world, farewell !'
In touching tones exclaimed a bell ;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven ;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God ;
Say to the world 'farewell, farewell !'"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell !"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell ;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day
When angels wait to lead the way :

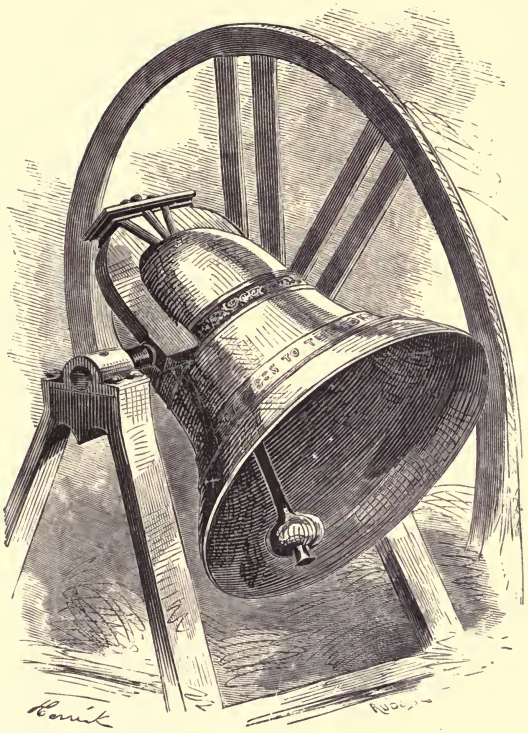
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life ; be just and right
No hell ! no hell ! no hell ! no hell !"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice !" pealed forth a bell ;
"No fetters here to clog the soul ;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind
That leave the dusty paths behind.
Speed well ! speed well ! speed well ! speed well !"
Pealed forth the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell
The Protestant !" rang out a bell.
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts which truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fell !"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross !" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this :
Let mortals kneel before this shrine, —
Adore the water and the wine !
All hail, ye saints ! the chorus swell !"
Chimed in the Roman-Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well
To save the race !" said a sweet bell,
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum ;



"Each one its creed in music tells—
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song, as pure as prayer." *Page* 279.

Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds:
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

In blank verse, so difficult of praiseworthy accomplishment, Mr. Bungay has shown a happy grace. We make this extract from a poem on "Days:"

Like flocks of migratory birds a-wing,
The by-gone days sweep o'er the sea of time;
On, on to the eternal calm they speed!
One is baptized to sad and bitter tears,
And bears an arrow 'neath its drooping wing;
One crimsoned o'er with battle's gory stain,
One scarred and battered by the winds and waves
Sobs out the grief of shipwrecked mariners—
Days the bright sun mistook for blackest night.

But low, amid the flying flock I see,
Like doves with rooks, fair, golden days like this,
Filled to the sunset with the song of birds,
And starred all over with the noblest deeds.

A poem entitled "The Mountain," begins with this admirable figure:

Behold the mountain monarch on his throne
Of granite, robed in mist, and crowned with light!
The sea, which sighs forever at his feet,
Showers kisses on him from the lips of shells,
And breaks like a great heart upon the shore.
Coquetting clouds, flushed with the tints of morn,
Fold their soft arms about his ample neck,

And on his shoulders weep delicious showers,
While he, like a stern gallant, stands unmoved.

As another and concluding specimen of Mr. Bungay's blank verse, we give the following :

THE NIGHT WIND.

The sun, wrapped in a cloud of mist, dropped out
Of sight, and left the sky in widowed robes
Without a star to light the solitude,
When from a rent in the thick threatening heaven,
Out stole the ruffian wind, on mischief bent.
At midnight, while reposing on my couch,
His stealthy hand came feeling at my door,
And at the lattice, till the frozen glass
Pealed out like bells held in the fairy hands
Which wrote the flourishes in frost-work there ;
Thrusting his arm through every open pane,
Rattling the blinds, and scaring sleep away—
Piping a low bass on the chimney's flute,
Unhinging careless gates, and swinging signs,
And with his lips upon a thousand tubes
At once, blew a loud universal blast.
He woke a rose-lipped maiden from her dreams,
Then from the bent mast shook her sailor-boy
Into the watery grave he scooped for him ;
Returning then on wings invisible,
Shrieked in her ears the story of his death.

Intensely practical and suggestive as is Mr. Bungay, he is in keenest sympathy with nature, and catches much of his inspiration from natural scenes. Several poems on

Birds betray his love for the songsters of the wood. In one of these he says:

Like a sad heart bereaved of rest,
Whose hopes are fled that used to be,
Is the blithe hang-bird's lonely nest
That swings in silence on the tree.
No bud to bloom, no beak to sing,
No flower to greet the longing eye,
No oriole with sunny wing,
No song between us and the sky.

Perhaps the best, at least the most generally known, of his bird poems, is this, entitled

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Blithe wanderer of the wintry air,
Now here, now there, now everywhere,
Quick drifting to and fro,
A cheerful life devoid of care,
A shadow on the snow.

The shade of summer flecks thy wings,
A pleasant thought thy soft note brings,
Fair foreigner of song;
The grass again in greenness springs,
Where thy wings flit along.

Brown sparrow, fluttering near my door,
Whose latch locks not against the poor,
I scatter crumbs for thee;
For thou art welcome evermore,
To share my loaf with me.

Why leave thy snug, warm nest to-day,
Thy downy sheets and walls of clay,
And hospitable eaves?
Why wander from thy home away
When trees have lost their leaves?

There are no berries on the tree,
No seeds unhusked, no buds for thee,
So come to my abode.
Come share my hospitality,
And cheer my solitude.

Welcome from merry England's shore
Dear visitor from door to door—
A living link thou art,
To bind us closer than before,
To homes so near the heart.

A winged herald flying free,
With memories sweet from sea to sea.
And dreams that fancy weaves
Of legend, love and history,
Come lodge beneath my eaves.

In realms above the star-lit wall,
Our Father, watching over all,
To thee extends His care;
He notes the wee brown sparrow's fall
Through the unchartered air.

Speaking of trees, Mr. Bungay expresses his regard for, and thought concerning them—the former as strong and intense as the latter is impressive and full of solemnity—in these lines:

The trees are teachers that I love,
Whose leafy book I oft have read;
Their limbs point to the world above,
Their roots point to the world that 's dead;
Oh solemn thought! the woods so lorn
In winter, and in spring so fair,
Hold in their trunks for the unborn,
Cities and ships, and coffins, there.

One of Mr. Bungay's most admired poems pictures a snow-fall and its exquisite effects, and is entitled

THE ARTISTS OF THE AIR.

Lo, sifted through the winds that blow,
Down comes the soft and silent snow,
White petals from the flowers that grow
In the cold atmosphere.
These starry blossoms, pure and white,
Soft falling, falling, through the night,
Have draped the woods and mere.

The busy artists of the air,
Unseen, came down the stormy stair,
To carve the wings of cherubs fair,
On the fresh mounds of snow.
Down the white ladder from aloft,
From round to round, their steps so soft
Disturbed no sleep below.

So lightly fell their winged feet,
The flakes of snow could not repeat
Their beauty on the stainless sheet
That covered hill and plain.

They graved devices on the post,
Which stood there, like a "sheeted ghost,"
And on the window pane.

On stoop and fence, and walk and door,
Were mottoes never cut before,
In white words, which the winds encore,
When from the sea they sweep.
Eagles of crystal, stars and shields,
Were scattered over battle-fields,
Where our loved heroes sleep.

While we were sleeping on our beds,
And snow fell on our beards and heads
That melts not, when the sunshine sheds
Its warmth from Heaven above,
These artists, with a skillful hand,
Wrote syllables of snow that stand,
For memory and love.

And when the cloudless morning came,
To light the world with torch of flame,
A shaft of snow with wreaths of fame
Stood near the silent mound
Of one, who sleeps in dreamless peace
Beneath the soft and stainless fleece,
That covers all the ground.

In rhythmical music, true delicacy of sentiment, real beauty of figure and perfect tenderness of expression, Mr. Bungay has never excelled the following, albeit rarely indulging sentiment of its kind. It deserves perpetuation among the gems of affectionate tribute :

THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETHEART.

I go down to the sea,
Where the waves speak to me
Of my darling, the soul of my soul;
But her footprints no more
Mark the desolate shore
Where she tempted the billows to roll.

There the sad billows break,
Like my heart for her sake,
On the lonely and desolate shore;
For the waves of the sea
Are now sighing with me,
For a mortal, now mortal no more.

With my heart filled with tears,
And my hopes chilled with fears,
By the grave of my darling I knelt,
And I uttered a prayer
On the listening air,
Whose dew wept the sorrow I felt.

There the winds wove a shroud
Of a dim passing cloud,
Betwixt me and the bright stars above,
And the form in its fold,
Like the shape in the mould,
Was the form of the angel I love.

Would that I were a flower,
Born of sunshine and shower,
I would grow on the grave of the dead,
I would sweeten the air
With the perfume of prayer,
Till my soul on its incense had fled.

And I never would fade
In the delicate shade
Of the tree, in whose shadow she lies.
There my petals should bloom
By her white rural tomb,
When the stars closed their vigilant eyes.

Now I see her in dreams
On the banks of the streams,
In the sweet land of exquisite bliss,
Where the sweep of her wings,
And the song that she sings,
Oft awake me to sadness in this.

Mr. Bungay has been a frequent contributor to the *Tribune*, *Independent*, *Christian Union*, and other periodicals. His most recent journalistic work was as Literary Editor of *The Metropolitan*, while it existed as a weekly journal in New York, and for which he did some very excellent writing.

Mr. Bungay is of medium stature, full built in form, active and vigorous in movement, and of disciplined mental habit. He is a good story-teller in private or in public, and thoroughly genial. The dominant sentiment of his life is reformatory and religious, and he promises many more years of zealous work for the common good.

MARY CLEMMER.

ONLY a few years have elapsed since the broad door of journalism was opened to woman-kind. Magazine literature gave the sex some earlier opportunities, but tnese were improved in a timid, desultory way, and promised little. Not that women failed to seek literary employment, for they did seek it; but they sought it in the spirit of amusement and recreation, rather than in earnest, persistent service. The hard toil, the exacting drudgery, the tiresome activities of a real professional life, were thought undesirable, were even regarded unfit. But the field of woman's work has widened, until it takes in every kind of endeavor; and the willingness and ambition of woman have increased until in even the severer branches of journalistic labor she excels. In reportorial correspondence, and as editorial writers, a few women have made brilliant successes, and by performing well their daily tasks have earned honorable fame. Ranking first, perhaps, among these, is the lady who wrote

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

I lay my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence in twilight's grace;
Out of its shadow, soft and dun,
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mocking cold are the world's poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride!
In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

I will shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide;
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more
As if I had never laid it down.
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's regal, holy crown?

Who will deem my life ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The flitting smile that the baby wore
Outrayed the light of the loftiest brain.

I 'll meet him in the world's rude din,
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pang in this.

Man's way is hard and sore beset;
Many may fall, but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd! My lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow, and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun.
I 'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.

Mary Clemmer, author of this tenderly exquisite waif began literary effort as so many others have begun

it, with no very serious intent. Lively and facile of expression, she took to using the pen for diversion's sake. By-and-by its use became a habit, and after a time her vague, aimless aspirations crystallized into definite purpose and unremitting hard work. Since then she has made herself one of our few successful feminine journalists, winning popular reputation first as a correspondent, but regularly employed also as an editorial contributor later on.

Mrs. Clemmer was born at Utica, N.Y., in the month of April, 1839. Her father, Abram Clemmer, was born in Pennsylvania, of sturdy Huguenot descent; and his wife — Margaret Kneale — came from the Isle of Man. As a child she was attractive and graceful, and early showed unusual mental gifts. She wrote quite passable rhyme when but eleven years old. Massachusetts becoming her home, she was mainly educated at the Academy in Westfield, where she received much encouragement from the Principal, Professor Goldthwaite. Recognizing in her an intellect of great promise, and a specially poetic nature, he freely extended sympathy and aid. Her first poetry was published in the Westfield *News-Letter*, and afterwards in a Boston paper. While still in her "teens," before any realization of life and its realities, of her own powers and possibilities, had dawned upon her, she married Mr. Ames, a young clergyman of the Presbyterian church. It was not a fortunate union. Husband and wife in declaration, the two were never more than friends

in fact, and for reasons wise and right in the estimation of both, they legally separated a few months ago, each retaining the good will of the other, Mrs. Ames resuming her maiden name. Her former husband remains on friendly terms with her, and bears ready testimony to her virtues.

Among the earlier published poems by Mrs. Clemmer, the following has long been a favorite, and is widely admired :

WORDS FOR PARTING.

O, what shall I do, dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
O, what shall I do, dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer
That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you never.
And how will it be with you,
In the weary world, I wonder;
Will you love me with a love as true,
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul, I must own you.

Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember.

The way is short O friend,
That reaches out before us;
God's tender heavens above us bend,
His love is smiling o'er us.
A little while is ours
For sorrow or for laughter;
I 'll lay the hand you love in yours
On the shore of the Hereafter.

As we have intimated, Mary Clemmer commenced her real literary life as a newspaper correspondent. This was soon after her marriage, and she wrote letters from New York to the Utica *Morning Herald*, a journal always noted for the excellence of its correspondence. Later, she delighted a large constituency, through the *Independent*, with "A Woman's Letters from Washington," which were often wise, as often witty, and always bright, hearty, healthy and readable, and which were a notable feature in that paper's make-up. Enjoying a long residence at the Nation's Capital, she came to know many secrets of political history, and to realize the general deceit and trickery prevalent; but despite this, she kept her woman's heart true to its purest instincts, and held on and still holds on to her natural faith in the noble and the good. That she longs sometimes for a different atmosphere, this extract will show:

"This letter is only a good-morning and a good-evening, dear friends—a salutation on the threshold of winter, as we meet once more with all the fair summer between us and our last good-by. The world I have left and the world I meet do not easily coalesce. The strength begotten of mountain heights; the peace of stormless lakes; the pervasive fragrance of the autumnal woods; the music of a tiny leaf stirring in the blue air; the rustle of a squirrel scampering through the crisp ferns, with his winter nuts; the lowing of the little black cow, bossed like jet against the twilight sky, coming home across the russet flat—all these sights and sounds of a far-off pastoral sphere have come with me hither. Their music is in my ears and their love in my heart, as I confront this other world that is 'no relation of mine'—the world of rush and hurry and roaring streets; the world of vanity and show; of policy, treachery and place; of shallow insight, of harsh misjudgment, and of broken faith. This is not my world. I confess to a reluctant hand that lifts a pen to tell you of its doings. I am in it, but not of it."

And there are hints here of a soul in harmonic relation to the soul of Nature, which find fuller expression in these lines, originally contributed to the *Independent:*

ARBUTUS.

Dear, dear Arbutus, thou dost bring
Far more to me than tint of Spring,
More than her far and faint perfume,
Into this dim and dusty room.
We are old friends, Arbutus. So
I saw thee smiling long ago.
Where is the child that culled and sung?
Afar I see her fair and young.

Unto the woman's pleading touch
Yields the old sweetness—this is much ;
All that thou gavest to me then,
And how much more thou givest again.
This April morn thou art the same
As when unto the child thou came.
The shadow life hath o'er me flung
Doth reach me not, oh, sweet and young !

Our love and sorrow mutely trace
The lines of life upon the face ;
But deeper in the soul do write
All they have wrought afar from sight.
The rose of youth, its fadeless grace,
Liveth alone on Nature's face.

Thus, dear Arbutus, thou dost bring
Far more to me than tint of Spring,
Than hint of far-off bursting brooks,
Of woody banks and noiseless nooks,
Where thy shy sisters hide and peer
Through leafy veils, with smile and tear,
The coyest coquettes of the year.

'Mid din of street and rush of men
Thou makest all earth young again.
Thou say'st : "Far from men and mart,
Still yearns thy mighty mother's heart ;
She sends thee me thy heart to move,
Fresh token of her changeless love.
She says : 'Come back, oh ! life-worn child ;
Drink from my springs the undefiled.'"

Deep, deep within my solitudes
The soul of peace and soothing broods,
Half silent, all with life astir ;

The morning murmur of the fir,
At dawn's high calm above the hill ;
The thread-like ripple of the rill,
Lapsing through mosses fringing cool ;
The stillness of the lilied pool ;
The calmness of the mountain crown,
Poising a star the night drops down :
The rhythm of the awful sea,
Rolling from out eternity,
Calling, calling, eternally !

Till thou beyond the ocean's bar,
Beyond the gleam of sun or star,
Do seem to feel the Soul from far,
From whom it rolls, from whom we are,
The while the long, long tides bear in
Treasure and wreck, with muffled din,
Then break in music's pulsing thrill
Along the sands when winds are still.

" When thou, poor soul, hast had thy fill
Of swift, loud life, yet yearning still
For all thou hast not, bliss unfound,
Beyond thy speech or being's bound,
Turn thou unto thy first love's grace ;
Come thou and lay thy faded face
Upon my bosom. Thou wilt see
That all that never faileth thee,
Abiding ever, changing not
With any chance of mortal lot
Or any coldness of the heart,
Beyond the ken of human art,
Beyond all human power to give,
Deep in the universe do live,

Nor change nor death can them destroy,
The youth of Nature, Nature's joy."

Arbutus, thou dost faintly swing
The subtle censer of the Spring.
I sip thy wine, I kiss thy lips,
I softly touch thy pinky tips;
More than I say art thou to me,
A past and still a joy to be!
If e'er I stand of all bereft,
As they do stand whom Death has left,
A treasure dearer far than gold
Mine empty hands will seek and hold,
The first Arbutus of the Spring;
A simple thing, a little thing,
Yet incense-bearer to the King,
His tidings glad borne on its wing!
All my lost life 't will backward bring,
And all the life before 't will touch
With Spring's young glory. 'T will be much—
How much! Yet such a little thing—
The first Arbutus of the Spring!

Mrs. Clemmer was literally *in* the War, was under fire many times, saw heavy battles, and was taken prisoner once, with Mr. Ames. Although not "Eirene," as a person, the "Diary," and the chapter on the "Surrender of Maryland Heights," in her novel of that name, were personal experiences. The following ringing stanzas were written in Virginia, in sight of the regiment to which they were addressed, and will recall a thrilling picture in the minds of many who were long accustomed to the suggestive order

"FALL IN."

See, see! yon gleaming line of light,
The enemy's bayonets bristle bright;
O, boys, there 'll be a fight to-night,
Fall in!

Under the woods of frozen larch,
Under the night sky's icy arch,
It ends at last, the dreadful march·
Fall in!

Fall in! no bivouac to-night;
Beneath the stars so still and bright,
The glistening bayonets glitter white;
Fall in!

Fall in! we 're hungry, bruised and torn;
With snow and rain beaten and worn,
Yet "ready for duty," we 've proudly sworn;
Fall in!

A second for dreams! Under our eyes,
Oh see, how softly they seem to rise,
The hills of home and her summer skies!
Fall in!

One sigh for home, for the fair face prest
Close to the heart, 'neath the rugged vest,
The face of the one we love the best·
Fall in!

O, say, for a flash shall the brown face pale,
The quick, young nerves in their warm life quail,
To meet the thud of leaden hail?
Fall in!

The storm of shells, the bullet's whir,
The clash of sabre no fear can stir;

We fight for freedom, for home, for her!
Fall in!

Ever with steady step we go,
With rifles ready in serried row,
Into the face of the insolent foe,
Fall in!

Our hearts up-leap in passionate pain,
O, see, they fall, our heroic slain,
The enemy's masses charge and gain!
Fall in!

Fall in! the eager bugles beat;
Fall in! march on with prescient feet,
Smite low the foe, where the armies meet;
Fall in!

To front! its ranks are red and thin,
The victor flaunts his banner of sin;
O, comrades, forward! to die or win,
Fall in!

No other woman of our acquaintance—we had almost said no other person—has performed such an amount of literary labor in a given time as Mrs. Clemmer's record shows. For three years her average work in Washington, as we happen to know, was seven newspaper letters each week; and in addition to this she produced four books in four years—a task sufficient of itself to consume all her time and strength. She entered into contract with the publishers of one journal to write a column a day for three years, and at the end of that time she had not missed a day. The wonder is that producing

so much, she has uniformly produced so well. All her books have taken form under stress of wearing daily duties, and yet each witnesses to the hand of an artist. "Eirene, or A Woman's Right," published serially in *Putnam's Magazine*, was soon succeeded by "A Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary," from the Riverside Press. "Outlines of Men, Women and Things" came next, followed shortly by "Ten Years in Washington," published in 1872 by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, as a subscription book, and immensely successful. "His Two Wives," her latest volume, was written as a serial for *Every Saturday*, and published in complete form recently by Hurd & Houghton. Perhaps her most hallowed work is the Memorial to the Cary sisters, full of affectionate tenderness and sensitive appeciation—a tribute which does scarcely less honor to her womanly generosity than to their memory and worth. The long-time intimate companion of the two poetesses, she has linked her name indissolubly with theirs as their biographer and friend.

Light, airy and playful as Mrs. Clemmer's writings often are, one needs only to read a chapter or two of the "Memorial" to see how deeply sympathetic her nature is. This same tenderness of sympathy and sentiment finds frequent expression in her verse, as in the following:

GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART.

Good-by, sweetheart.
I leave thee with the loveliest things
The beauty-burdened spring-time brings,

The anemone in snowy hood,
The sweet arbutus in the wood.
And to the smiling skies above
I say, Bend brightly o'er my love.
And to the perfume-breathing breeze
I sigh, Sing softest symphonies!
O, lute-like leaves of laden trees
Bear all your sweet refrain to him,
While in the June-time twilights dim
He thinks of me as I of him.
And so good-by, sweetheart!

Good-by, sweetheart!
I leave thee with all purest things,
That when some fair temptation sings
Its luring song, though sore beset,
Thou 'lt stronger be. Then no regret
Life-long will after follow thee.
With touches lighter than the air,
I kiss thy forehead brave and fair,
And say to God this last deep prayer:
O guard him always, night and day,
So from Thy peace he shall not stray!
And so good-by, sweetheart!

Good-by, sweetheart, we seem to part!
Yet still within my inmost heart
Thou goest with me. Still my place
I hold in thine by love's dear grace;
Yet all my life seems going out,
As slow I turn my face about,
To go alone another way,
To be alone till life's last day,
Unless thy smile can light my way.

Good-by, sweetheart. The dreaded dawn,
That tells our love's long tryst is gone,
Is purpling all the pallid sky,
As low I sigh, sweetheart, good-by!

She is deeply religious as well. Mingling much and long with the gayeties of fashionable society, flattered and caressed by wealth and position as genius ever is, she still with longing heart looks away from these allurements here, to

SOMETHING BEYOND.

Something beyond! Though now, with joy unfound,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! In the fair Beyond
Thou 'lt understand.

Thou 'lt understand why our most royal hours
Couch sorrowful slaves, bound by low nature's greed;
Why the celestial soul 's a minion made
To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete,
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole.
For yon rare regions, where the perfect meet,
Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect! Far and fair it lies;
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
No partial insight, no averted eyes,
No loves unmeet.

Something beyond! Light for our clouded eyes!
In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beams,
Our Best waits masked; few pierce the soul's disguise;
How sad it seems

Something beyond! Ah, if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief to-day!
Earthward we 'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night; clear shines her prescient brow;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Brightens the Now.

Nevertheless, she recognises the power which can bless and make glad our being of to-day,—she does not cry out against mortality as if it were a thing orphaned of God—but conscious of divine presence, and the possibilities of divine help, she hymns her trust thus reverently to

THE CHRIST.

Thou livest on the earth, dear Lord!
Thou art not far away—
A name within a misty word—
Thou 'rt with us here to-day.

We 've listened to the battle's shock,
The weary cry of creeds,
Unmoved the Shepherd of His flock
His loving people leads.

Thou livest on the earth, dear Lord!
What tears of sorrow flow,
What toil there is—what poor reward,
What want Thy children know.

Thou livest on the earth to-day,
Wherever Patience stands,

Where holy Love kneels down to pray,
Where Faith uplifts her hands.

And thus alike in storm or shine
We lift our eyes to see
Thy lovely face, Thy face divine,
Thy face that makes us free.

Free from the shadow sin has cast,
Free from all passions ill,
And free to rest when life is past,
In regions fair and still.

So fearing much, and loving much,
The tides of life we stem,
And stretch a faltering hand to touch
Thy far-off garment's hem.

That haply to our souls at length,
Thy saving grace may flow,
And we may gain the winged strength,
Thy ransomed children know.

So halting, falling often in
The kingdom of our birth,
What joy! Our Heavenly Kinsman still
Walks with us on the earth.

Mrs. Clemmer is described as being "tall and stately, with dark brown hair, brilliant blue eyes, and with a beaming expression of frank kindness that prepares you for the vivacity and sweetness of her conversation." Her character, as portrayed by her friends, and judged by her books, is that of one fearless, true and strong; impulsive, yet generous in temper, and with a large and noble charity for all.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SOME souls there are that seem close linked with the great heart of Nature by cords most delicate and sensitive. The glory of day, the glamour of night, the witchery of wind and wave, the wooing sense of tone and color, the gladness of spring and the glow of autumn, take hold upon them irresistibly, master them, control them, possess them. They are true poets, even though they never attempt poetic expression. They have a more perfect communion with the soul of poetry than lips can syllable or pen depict. Here and there may be found one who unites to this marvelous sympathy a marvelous art—the art of perfect description, of vivid portrayal, in which every tint is preserved, every symbol interpreted, every thought vivified and made clear. Pre-eminent among these is the author of

A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever in mid afternoon,
Ah, happy day of happy June!
Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,
The piny woods with perfume fill,
And breathe across the singing sea
Land-scented breezes that shall be

Sweet as the gardens that they pass,
Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
And long not for thy blushing rest
In the soft bosom of the West,
But bid gray evening get her back
With all the stars upon her track!
Forget the dark, forget the dew,
The mystery of the midnight blue,
And only spread thy wide warm wings
While summer her enchantment flings!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!
Hang in the heavens forever so!
Forever let thy tender mist
Lie like dissolving amethyst
Deep in the distant dales, and shed
Thy mellow glory overhead!
Yet wilt thou wander—call the thrush,
And have the wilds and waters hush
To hear his passion-broken tune,
Ah, happy day of happy June!

Among the early contributors to *The Atlantic* and *Harper's Magazine*, the name of Harriet Prescott was often seen, and it speedily became associated, in the minds of appreciative readers, with a powerful imagination, rare grace of fancy, and lavish wealth of diction. The descriptive sketches and stories with which it was connected had a character, an individuality, peculiarly their own, and gave promise of exceptional literary per-

formance later on. They all testified, with more or less emphasis, that here was a strongly poetic nature, expressing itself through the ordinary forms of prose. Critics found some fault with the writer's art—it was too prodigal of pigments, they thought, too extravagant, too like a very spendthrift of riches. But they were generous. They offered the common excuse of youth in behalf of her who, we suspect, would not have offered any excuse for herself; and they waited patiently for the better art, or what they were pleased to believe would be the better art, in work of maturer years.

Meanwhile the stories crystallized into books, and multiplied their friends. The first volume was "Sir Roland's Ghost," published in 1860, and succeeded by "The Amber Gods and Other Stories," which received wider perusal, and was followed in turn by "Azarian." "Azarian, *An Episode*," the author calls it, in half humility. "Azarian, *A Life*," would be truer as a title, so much of richly endowed being is embodied in it. It is altogether unique. It has no rival; it can have none. In color it is a genuine Raphael; the tone is that of Beethoven, with all his exquisite possibilities. The "Moonlight Sonata" is more than hinted of in one touch:

"He leaned over his boatside—miles away from any shore, a star looked down from far above, a star looked up from far below, the glint passed as instantly, and left him the sole spirit between immense concaves of void and fullness, shut in like the flaw in a diamond."

"Azarian" is more than a story, although a very readable story it is:—it is a beautiful bouquet, of hues the most brilliant, and heavy with perfume. Another tribute to bud and bloom, so free, so unstinted, yet so choice, can not anywhere be shown. Its entire atmosphere is charged with the flavor and sweetness of flowers, and none who read it will be surprised at chancing upon some dainty "Flower Songs" from the same pen, one of which is breathed by

THE ROSE.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in.

The dew drop on my bosom gives
The whole of heaven to searching eyes:
Only he who sees it, lives,
And only he who slights it dies.

Ah! what bewildering warmth and wealth
Gather within my central fold!
Love-lorn airs of happy health
Hive with the honey that I hold.

This dazzling ruddiness divine
Shrouds spicy savors deep and dear;
Passion's sign and countersign,
The inmost meaning of the sphere.

Petal on petal opening wide,
My being into beauty flows—

Hundred-leaved and damask-dyed—
Yet nothing, nothing but a rose.

Not alone does color hide in the heart of the rose and the veins of the violet. There is crimson in the sunset, azure in the sea. A hundred dyes lurk in the world around—in forest, wave and sky—seen of the few only, it is quite possible, unheeded by the many, but veritable existences, and part of the universal beauty. The white glow of sunlight begins and ends in color. There is more glory and gladness than men commonly observe in

DAYBREAK.

Through rosy dawns of June I go,
Again the deepening sweetness part,
While all their raptures round me flow
And bubble freshly in my heart.

The broad blue mountains lift their brows
Barely to bathe them in the blaze;
The bobolinks from silence rouse
And flash along melodious ways!

And hid beneath the grasses, wet
With long carouse, a honeyed crew,
Anemone and violet,
Yet rollicking, are drunk with dew.

How soft the wind that blows my hair—
That steals the song off from my lip,
And mounts in gladder tumult where
The numerous branches bend and dip!

How proudly smiling on his love
The sun rides up the central blue,

While like the wing of summer's dove
She changes to his changing view.

All loveliness in every light,
Voluptuous beauty o'er her strewn,
A thing to lap the soul's delight
While morning widens into noon.

Harriet E. Prescott was born in Calais, Me., April 3, 1835, and educated in Derry, N. H., and Newburyport, Mass. After she had acquired a wide reputation, through the magazines and the books we have referred to, she was married to Mr. Richard S. Spofford at Newburyport, where her only child was born, and where she still resides a large part of the time. It would seem as if her home must have been always by the sea, so familiar is she with its lights and shades, the weather-wisdom of its followers, their superstitions and their whims. Coast-life, its solitudes, its companionships, its contrasts and its tragic possibilities, are to her ever as a lesson learned. She is equally certain of herself in calm and storm. She delights as much in the raging, roaring gale, as in tranquil swells and gently rippling waves.

"The South Breaker" would justify any extravagant words we might use in this connection. Very wisely did Rossiter Johnson include that sketch in his admirable "Little Classics" series, for in the field of contemporaneous Romance it has become classic. In its way, it is so perfect as to challenge criticism. Beyond its descriptive excellence literary art can not hope to go. And yet its

description is not more graphic than much Mrs. Spofford has given us beside. In this respect her pen is almost dangerously facile. It overflows with verbiage, yet every word has the merit of fitness, and the reader would never have it more selfish of wealth. Indeed, Mrs. Spofford is one of the few writers whom it is a genuine pleasure to read for the words' sake simply, without regard to any meaning of the text. Her very sentences charm by their beauty, as well as fascinate often by their force. She is never sparing, yet never redundant. All that can be said, for the effect's sake, she says, but there she stays her hand.

Yet one of the secrets of her marvelous art is the fact that she never seems to be saying anything for effect. No feature of any scene is introduced for an apparent descriptive purpose, to heighten the general view. It was all there, you feel, before she began. She is merely telling of what is. Like a true artist, she leaves nothing out, but she is pre-Raphaelistic. She is intensely real; so real that you see what she sees, feel what she feels. If her heart be passion-swept for an instant, so is yours. If she is gazing into the clear depths of heaven, your eyes behold the same stars. If fog and darkness chill her through and through, you shiver even as does she.

This strongly realistic power is rare. It pre-supposes not only the most powerful imagination, but the keenest observation, and the most subtle sentiment—a sentiment that runs from heart to heart, from life to life, and of which we get a glimpse in the following

SONG.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers,
With a hand as chill—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between these pages,
Crumpled, fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Can not make it old!

These three stanzas were first published in *Harper's Bazar*, to which Mrs. Spofford has been a frequent contributor, as were the three entitled

APRIL.

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning!

Magical, autumn hazes are,
And sweet is your summer weather
With its purple midnight's throbbing star
Over lovers clasped together.

But dearer to me these daring flowers
The passionate noontide scorning,
This gladsome slipping of silver showers,
This April day in the morning!

It is in the dear resurrection time of the year that a nameless longing fills every breast, mute, it may be, perhaps never striving for articulation, yet happily voiced in this apostrophe, likewise from the *Bazar :*

O, SOFT SPRING AIRS.

Come up, come up, O, soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the waves
About the low and palm-plumed keys !

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh !

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here is reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dark and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you !

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings !

But before the spring's gladness and promise there is ever a winter of weariness and regret, unless one remembers, as did Mrs. Spofford in *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, that there is something more than frost and death

UNDER THE SNOWDRIFT.

Under the snowdrift the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they 're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-swung tune.

Under the snowdrifts what blossoms are sleeping
Never to waken with sunshine or June!
Do they dream dreams of the eyes that are weeping—
Under the snowdrift—by midnight and noon?

Mrs. Spofford is a strange product of New England culture and life, if we are to measure these by accepted popular standards. That Puritanism could beget such fervidness of fancy, such fragrance of feeling, such exuberance of imagination and such warmth of passion as she embodies, who would believe? From thought in Quaker garb she takes us as by magic to thought robed in purple and scarlet. With her there are no neutral tints. Her colors are pronounced, distinct, glowing. Is it because she seems to stand forever so near to the tragic side of things? She does seem to stand there—to see the unwritten tragedies that none may ever read—to take at times a morbid pleasure in the pains and griefs that vex so many, and make sad the world. Yet when any of her characters are tragically overcome, one can not resist the

fancy, or haply the feeling, that she grieves over it even to the bitterness of tears.

Mrs. Spofford's later books are "New England Legends," and "A Thief in the Night." Her work is chiefly for the magazines, and consists mainly of short stories, so full of popular interest, albeit so admirable as to art, that they are generally copied by the newspapers, and extensively read. She writes comparatively little verse, but what she does put forth meets commonly the same wide perusal. If it be never so strong, so intense, as her prose, there is small wonder. Such power never expresses itself to the fullest extent in two ways.

We have alluded to Mrs. Spofford's intense sympathy with Nature. In the following it is plainly apparent, and as we read the wish will rise that we might be where it is always

AFTERNOON.

The boat is rocking on the river ;
The river life is all awake ;
The tide is coming in ;
A thousand ripples run and shiver ;
Oars flash ; and where the waters break
Flashes a silver fin.

Oars flash and dip ; as if on wings
We sweep above the sweeping stream,
While like a fount of light
Into the sun the sturgeon springs,
And blue the arrowy swallows gleam
Above us in their flight.

Beyond the breakers and the bar
The great ships with their swelling sails
Are tossing out to sea ;
They slide through night and distance far
For gulfs where brood the unknown gales
To tempt the mystery.

But we, between the blossoming shores,
Wilt pluck the boughs, will mark the rills,
Tumbling their foam along,
Will wait, in resting on our oars,
Some message from the mighty hills,
Or catch some plowboy's song.

Or, happier we than they whose choice
Pursues the dark and awful swells,
Thus, till the stars, to roam,
And turn when, like a mother's voice,
We hear the tender evening bells
Chiding us sweetly home !

Something of Mrs. Spofford's philosophy—aye something of her faith, that sweeter, better thing---shines out in a poem on "Sorrow," which personifies the goddess of grief, and questions if, finally, there be any hope in death.

Then Sorrow, pale and statuesque,
Lifts heavenward her blind blue eyes,
While, gorgeous as an arabesque,
The bloom of summer round her lies.
Though she nor blossom sees nor star,
The murmur of the wind she hears,
And answering, smiles more awful far
Because forlorn of any tears ;

"In God's great music I
Am the unfailing minor,
And every sigh, spreading from heart to eye,
Throbs on the chord diviner.

"My fate is Him I trust,
To whom alone I hearken;
My Lord and King, my Merciful and Just,
More bright as shadows darken!

"I grasp hearts till they bleed,
I strengthen bitterly,
I sow a seed which saints indeed,
Reap for me utterly.

"On cheerless roads no smile
Breaking to echoing laughter;
His patience I accept a little while,
And find His joy hereafter.

"O dreary, dreary stay!
Yet on great faith relying,
Blind to the gay, fleet pageant of to-day,
What splendor comes through dying!"

Then comes another question, re-echoing in so many hearts even now:

"What is that last dread breath—to die?"

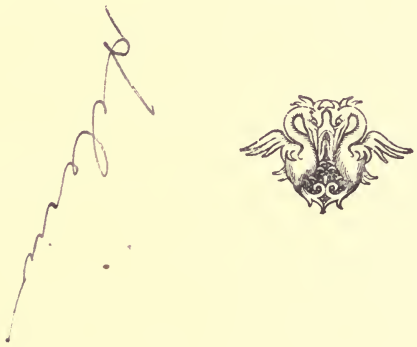
and we cannot better close this chapter and our book than by giving Sorrow's sweet and beautiful answer:

"To feel God's glory breaking through
Heaven after heaven, and streaming down
To gather off the cold death-dew
And wipe my forehead in its crown;

"To hear a voice unheard before,
Or in a dream but dimly guessed,
Whose fall more sweet than sea to shore,
Whose burden—'Child, come to thy rest!'

* * * * * * *

"To wake on light at dead of night,
To float on seas most clear and broad,
To read the scroll of life aright,
To die—and find Thee, Lord!"



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